John Bull's £100 for Widow

IT was a glorious Sunday afternoon, ideal weather for boating, and the happy little party started off under sail for Fiddler's Ferry. There was a strong breeze on the Mersey, and the boat, her sails full, rode the water as if she knew every ripple.

Mid-stream, a sudden fierce gust of wind cut across the bows of the noble little craft and caught the sail. The boat heaved over at a perilous angle and then turned completely on her side.

MAN OVERBOARD!

But there was more than one man in the water; other occupants of the boat were also struggling for their lives.

The boat had righted itself, and most of the party reached safety, but not ALL. The river had taken its toll, and among those drowned was a registered reader of "John Bull," Mr. F. Horabin, of 33, Davies Street, Widnes, Lancashire.

To Mr. Horabin's widow "John Bull" has promptly sent a cheque for £100, the Benefit provided for Fatal Boating Accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to providing Benefits for Fatal Boating Accidents and numerous other common everyday risks and perils, "John Bull" is the only paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFIT.

£671 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £671 : 6 : 3 to registered readers or their dependants as follows:

Household and Sickness Benefits	£235	6 3
Accident Benefits—Adults ...	£247	0 0
Children's Accidents	£189	0 0
	£671	6 3

This week I would like to publish a few more letters from readers who have received benefit under our Free Family Insurance Gift. Here are four taken at random from my post-bag.

From a Lurgan reader who received benefit from the Exclusive Fire Section of our Insurance:

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

"In writing this letter on behalf of my wife and myself, I beg of you to accept our sincere thanks for the cheque which your paper so kindly sent. I can truthfully say that I really don't know what we would have done without it, as it came as a Godsend to us. After our recent misfortune, you will understand when I say that it was a blessing in disguise when my wife decided to become a registered reader of your worthy paper 'JOHN BULL,' whose insurance covers everything that insurance can possibly cover. Thanking you again from the bottom of our hearts and wishing your paper every success. . . ."

From a Louth reader who received our Exclusive Sickness Benefit:

GODSEND FOR "JOHN BULL" READER.

"It is with a heart full of deep gratitude that I write and thank you on behalf of my husband and myself for the cheque we have received for sickness.

"It is a Godsend, for it will be such a help. May I say a big 'Thank you' again to 'John Bull' Free Insurance?"

From a Battle reader who received our Wireless Benefit:

"JOHN BULL'S" WIRELESS BENEFIT.

"Thank you very much indeed for your generosity in meeting the whole cost for repairs to Wireless. What a friend 'John Bull' is, always ready to help those in trouble. How thankful I am that I became a registered reader, for without your help I could not have had the wireless repaired for some time; but, thanks to you, it is now working again. We knew you would not let us down."

From a Blackburn reader who received our Benefit in respect of damage caused by a Burst Hot-Water Pipe:

GENEROUS BENEFIT FOR NEW READER.

"Although I had only been a registered reader of your paper some five or six weeks, it was more than a surprise at the interest you displayed in my claim under your Free Insurance Scheme. Please accept my appreciation of your cheque."

If you have not yet obtained this great Security Gift, let me urge you to do so to-day. Use the forms below at once.

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

SIGN TO DAY

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 6/8/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

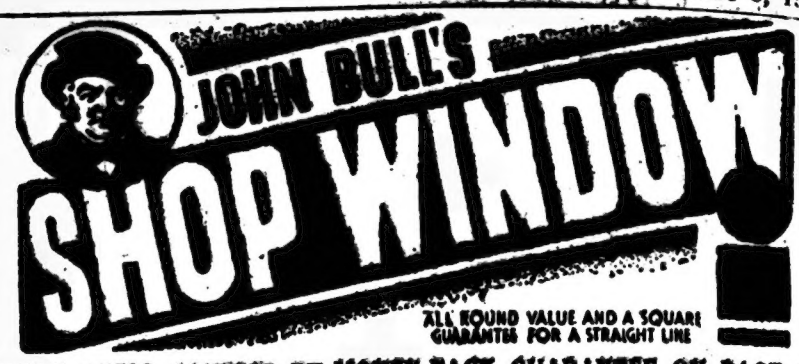
Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 6/8/38.



EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 27

FINAL CLEARANCE OFFER
These coats are balance of an enormous order—small quantity more than were actually required. Cut military pattern with full belt. Prussian storm collar. Fawn coloured showproof material with fleece lining. Adjustable sleeve-band to keep out wind. Ideal for Flying, Motoring or Town wear. Exceptionally smart. A coat to keep out the cold. All brand new and perfect. Chest measurement 36in., 3/6; 38in., 4/6; 40, 5/9; 42 and 44in., 6/9. Post and packing 1/- extra. Buttons can be adjusted 2in. if required. Proofing guaranteed 2 years.
MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.F.L.19),
91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

THORNS Garden Sheds

Fully Guaranteed, Cash or Terms. Erected. Delivered Free. Carr. Pd. Eng. & Wales.
Free Book No. 6 from J. THORN & SONS, Ltd., Dept. 59, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.
OTHER DESIGNS FROM
Long/Middle/High Cash or Deps. & Mthly.
6ft. 4ft. 6in. 65/- 5/6 5/7
7ft. 4ft. 6in. 85/- 7/9 7/-
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8ft. 6in. 6ft. 70/- 6/6 6/4
Designs from 2/- Down

Are You SMOKING Too Much?

Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: *"Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your treatment the best investment I have ever made."* If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Treatise, *"Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out,"* which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds. So write to-day.
THE STANLEY INSTITUTE Ltd. (Dept. S.B.167), 91, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

THE BOX CAMERA IS YOURS—ABSOLUTELY FREE!

WITH FILM & FULL INSTRUCTIONS.

To popularise our famous 100% Stainless "Multi-Life" 3-hole type double-edged razor blades we are giving absolutely FREE with every order for 12 blades for 1/6 post free, this Box Camera with good lens, accurate view-finder, simple time and instantaneous shutter, leatherette finish. Daylight loading. Also film and instructions. Money back if blades are not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable. Send P.O. 1/6 only (stamps not accepted) for blades and FREE Camera and film. Nothing more to pay. Extra films 3d. per exposure.
MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. F.C.J.B.14), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

ANOTHER COLOSSAL PURCHASE of closing factory's entire stock enables us to offer this genuine lever lady's real gold-plated expanding bracelet watch—made for Australian market to be sold at £2 2s.—direct from us at a price we as expert valuers know to be a worldwide achievement, ranking us as the British Empire for Amazing Bargains, 4/11, post 6d. Warranted 10 years. Gent's square model extra price. Send NOW. Immediate Dispatch.
MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.S.S.10), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Improve the Front of your House

by giving the Front Steps, Window Sills, Lintels, etc., a dazzling white finish with White Cardinal. Will not wash off in rain.
Also in Green, Red, Buff and Transparent.
CARDINAL
Large Tins 6d & 1/-

Portable BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
REVOLUTIONISED!

2/- DOWN

WONDERFUL NEW EVERLASTING WOOD
Write at once for Free Catalogue of these amazing buildings! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., in beautiful Red Cedar, the everlasting wood which will not decay, warp or shrink. Needs no painting or preservative! Prices from 27/6. EASY TERMS. Free Delivery all sizes. Send NOW to The Cedar Specialists.
R. H. HALL & Co. (Kent), Ltd. (687), Paddock Wood, KENT.

GENUINE SURPLUS OFFER OF
ARMY SILVER GREY BLANKETS WITH RED BORDER

FINAL CLEARANCE. The surplus of a large Contract. All brand new and perfect, measuring 6ft. 2in. x 4ft. 2in. As these goods were made specially for overseas use, of a unique woolly texture which improves with washing, they are confidently recommended when a warm, hard-wearing blanket is required. Buy now while you have the opportunity. We cannot afford to raise this amazing bargain. 2/11 PER PAIR. Post, etc., 7d. 2 Pairs 5/6 Post Free. Orders dealt with strict rotation, so send P.O. at once to:—
2/11 PER PAIR
MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.G.B.3), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send 3 coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 2d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 159-165, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

VALUABLE 3d

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 27

CARPET BARGAINS

9/-

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- ex., we will forward direct from our looms one of our 'Presidential' Brussels REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Browns, Blues, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. These carpets are made of material equal to wool and being a specialty of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving you all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 doormats for 20/-. Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

J. HODGSON & SONS (J.E.), Woodsley Road, Leeds.

WORLD RENOWNED WATCHES NOW OBTAINABLE ON EASY TERMS

SOLID GOLD WATCHES

1/6

Why risk nondescript unreliable Watches. For as little as 1/6d. deposit you can own a world-renowned "True Time." Guaranteed 10 years in writing. Simply send deposit and name and address. If satisfied, balance by easy instalments or write for catalogue Ladies' & Gent's Watches, Diamond Rings, etc. Some Easy Terms.

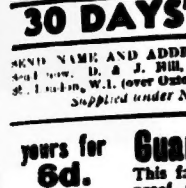
E. Cuthbertson, 4, Ely Hse., Charterhouse St., E.C.1

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED

7 DAYS HOME APPRO

Positively the Greatest Bargain ever offered to the

DEAF



"Size of a Sixpence Ear-phone" (no battery) offered this week for 25/-. Previously sold at £7-7-0. The greatest little deaf-aid ever designed. No Batteries—No Wires—No Other Parts—No Renewals—Absolutely Invisible. Amazing Power. Never before has such a bargain been offered to the Deaf.

This Week 25/- only

Previously £7-7-0

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Write now. D. & J. Hill, Ltd. AID Dept., 245, Oxford Street (over Oxford Circus Tube-6th.). Hours 10 to 6. W.1. London, W.1. (over Oxford Circus Tube-6th.). Hours 10 to 6.

Supplied under National Health Benefit.

LASTING WAVES ALL OVER THE HEAD WITH THIS NEW WAVER & SETTER

Post 3d. 1/6

A "once in a lifetime" opportunity to cut "Perm" and "setting" bills and obtain glorious, natural wavy hair. This famous Waver scientifically and automatically sets the hair into any desired depth of lasting waves. IT CANNOT FAIL even on absolutely straight hair. If you follow the simple instructions. No hot irons, electricity, danger or fuss—get a full wave at home in half an hour! Comfortable in use, washable, will last for years to save you pounds in hairdressing costs. Greatly reduced. A limited number offered at only 1/6, post 3d.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.E.W.4), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

SOUTH WESTERN GARAGES

IN DEAL OR CEDARWOOD from 5' span

DELIVERY FREE ENGLAND and WALES, RAIL or LORRY

OTHER MODELS FROM

L	W	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts.
8	6	77/6	5/-	7/-
10	7	112/6	7/-	10/2
12	8	137/6	8/-	12/6
14	8	162/6	10/-	14/9

Send for your copy of 1938 Art Catalogue FREE and post free

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO., LTD Dept. S, Regan Road, Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121

NAIL BITING

stop it!

NEW NAILS! NEXT WEEK!

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: *'Your treatment is miraculous. I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years.'* Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8

FULL-LENGTH BED-CHAIR

17/6!

or 1/- Weekly.

Solid Oak frame. Velvet cord cushions any colour. Pat. spring seats. Call and inspect or send for Cat. J. of bargains in upholstered chairs, bed, and dining-room suites. Cheques, reg. letters and crossed P.O.s to:—

Car. & Pack. 2/6

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO. LTD., 82, Shaftesbury Ave., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

yours for 6d.

Guaranteed 10 years

This famous STREAMLINE Shock-proof unbreakable Wrist Watch is fully guaranteed to keep perfect time under severe conditions and to withstand shock. Non-magnetic, damp-proof, dustproof, unbreakable glass, jewelled movement. Fitted in a highly polished chromium-plated case, complete with leather strap or chromium-plated adjustable bracelet free. Silver chrome or lum. dial. Send 6d. deposit and 6d. post and packing now; if satisfactory 1/6 after 7 days and 1/6 every 14 days until 21/- is paid in all.

Cash Price 19/6.

Ladies' Model 2/6 *extra.*

Home Bargains List FREE.

EDWARDS BROS., J.B. 6.8

Ladies' or Gent's Model

The Reliable Mail Order House, 29, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

Send for BIG FREE CATALOGUE

SUTCLIFFE'S STORE SHED

FROM 3/8 MONTHLY.

Design S.S. Small Sheds, 25/-

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Frame, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections. Easily the best value. Sent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)	Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash.	Monthly.
	6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2 0 0	3 6
	7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£3 2 0	5 4
	10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 15 0	7 10
	12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	£5 10 0	10 2

CATALOGUE FREE. Greenhouses, 57/6; Asbestos Garages, £5 5s.; Workshops, £6; Fencing 3/- yd. run. Carriage Paid

F. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 46-52, Oxford St., W.1

ENORMOUS FASHION HOUSE LIQUIDATION STOCK of GENUINE SUNBEAM DRESSES

Permanent Pleated Skirt!

3/11

The very latest dresses in very latest colours with latest Sunbeam Skirts having Permanent Pleats which simply will not fall out. The West End's newest style of fine quality Heather finished silky material. 100% British. Ideal in style and quality for all occasions. It has the FULLY FLARED SWING SKIRT. Colours: Blue, Pink, Green, Beige or Brown. Sizes: S.W., W., W.X. (O.S. 1/9 extra.) Stocks strictly limited, so order at once.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.S.B.), 91, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

WANTED

ONE HUNDRED PERSONS (EITHER SEX) WHO ARE READY TO EARN A HANDFUL OF £1 NOTES BY SPARE TIME WORK BETWEEN NOW AND XMAS.

A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself, on some things you have been wanting, or on presents for others—**you can have a handful!**

Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Card Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

J. RENSHAW & SONS, Ltd. (Dept. R.153), Climax Works, Accrington.

FOR GENERAL USE AND HOME AND SEA BATHING

RUPTURE

DON'T USE UNDERSTRAPS OR A TIGHT-FITTING APPLIANCE

The most objectionable part of a rupture support in warm weather is the understrap and the tightness of the band around the body. The Blunden Flyweight Ball and Socket appliance DOES NOT REQUIRE UNDERSTRAPS and there is NO TIGHT PRESSURE around the hips. It is extremely light, gives absolute security and no metal parts come in contact with the body. Being waterproof it can be used for HOME and SEA BATHING as well as for general wear. The Flyweight will control your rupture NO MATTER HOW SEVERE. TRY IT FREE FOR SEVEN DAYS BEFORE PAYMENT. Societies usually allow the whole cost 15/-. REDUCTION DURING HOLIDAY SEASON. Write or call.

BATHING TRUSSES ONLY 15/- during Aug.

TEST IT BEFORE YOU PAY

BLUNDEN SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (Dept. 128A), 9, Oxford St., London W.1. Manchester Branch: 6, John Dalton St.

BUILD A BUSINESS BY MAIL

Shopkeepers & Manufacturers.

LOCAL trade is limited, so why not advertise in "John Bull's" famous "Shop Window" and sell countrywide? Expert advice on suitability of goods and advertisements written by "John Bull's" mail order specialist—free, of course. Details without obligation. Write on business letterheading to:—The Manager, Mens and Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 20, 57/58, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

3D DEVELOPS ANY SIZE ROLL FILM

FULL POSTCARD SIZE PRINTS, 5½" x 3½" 2D. Each

Failures credited in full. Send P.O. 1/7 for developing and printing any size 8-exposure spool, and 2d. stamp for return postage.

Write name and address in block capitals.

JEROME LTD. Bovay Place, Holloway, N.7, *and Branches*

GENUINE SURPLUS OFFER

NAVAL COAST GUARD MODEL 24 FULL

TELESCOPES

3/11

POST & PKG. 7d

Slightly used but o p t i c a l l y perfect. Every piece examined. Last of stock Must Be Cleared regardless of cost. Smashing reduction makes this an offer which should not be missed. These famous Telescopes have a perfect range of vision over several miles. Smooth action adjustment. Four-pull range finder. Heavily brass plated with all-weather body when closed. X30 magnification screw. 2/11, post 7d. Few only 'Army Pocket' Model Telescopes. Marvellously powerful. Long range, 1/9, post 3d. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. Y.J.B.5), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

THE BEST KICK-OFF FOR THE SEASON!

3D

Score by joining us!

£5,000 IN CASH AND FREE GIFTS

A CERT FOR LIVE AGENTS

Here's the greatest opportunity to **earn big money in your spare time.** Introduce our wonderful **3d. Double Value Club Cards** to your friends and workmates and earn a liberal commission. We will give you a Free Outfit, together with illustrated Catalogue, and what's more, **we pay all your postages.** Many of our Agents are earning **£3-£5 weekly in commission,** and bonuses. Furthermore, you deduct your commission weekly, so that you don't have to wait for your money. Your friends will clamour for our 3d. Cards; and whether **THEY WIN CASH OR NOT, THEY RECEIVE FREE GIFTS OF MARVELLOUS VALUE IN BOOTS, SHOES, CLOTHING, HOUSEHOLD AND FANCY GOODS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, CIGARETTES, TOYS, ETC.** This is a unique opportunity, so do yourself and your friends a good turn by sending this coupon and obtaining full particulars per return.

DON'T DELAY FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW!

COUPON

To: SOCCER KING, Dept. J.B., Stadium Works, Wembley, Middlesex.

NAME IN FULL .....
Block Letters

ADDRESS IN FULL .....
Block Letters

.....

½d. stamp unsealed. J.B. 38

CUCKOO! GENUINE BLACK FOREST CUCKOO CLOCKS

CUCKOO! FULL THROATED

BANKRUPT STOCK OF 800 ONLY TO CLEAR

2/11 POST & BOXING

Bird bows and cuckoos the time every quarter of an hour with clear voice. Ornamental case carved in woodland design. Solid brass keyless movement with adjustable pendulum, giving accuracy for years without attention. Complete with chain, weight, pendulum, etc., ready to hang on wall for long service. Limited number only at 2/11, post and boxing 1/-.

Avoid disappointment by sending P.O. 3/11 at once.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.C.17), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

In the most unexpected places

Illustrated above—Norton, a hamlet near Shrewsbury. "Player's" can be purchased at this picturesque cottage which is reputed to be 300 years old. Nearby are the ruins of the old Roman City Uriconium.

Numerous letters from smokers tell of pleasure in finding their favourite "Player's" on sale here, there and everywhere . . . in the most remote places. The vast demand which alone makes this possible, also ensures their constant freshness and is proof supplied by smokers themselves that there is no better Cigarette at 10 for 6d.

MEDIUM OR MILD—CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN. Ask for which you prefer and please yourself whatever your taste.

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES • "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" • CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN • 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

M.C.C.4304

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2462.

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 6, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

New Economy Scare Coming

Wasting Young Lives

Dance in the Park!

GOD-SPEED to Lord Runciman!

Czecho-Slovakia's problem is Europe's greatest threat to peace. The Sudeten Germans are a minority within Czecho-Slovakia. But their claims for home rule are backed by the mighty Fatherland without.

Always is the fear that Herr Hitler might march into Czecho-Slovakia as he strode into **Austria.**

But this **difference: Czecho-Slovakia** would fight. **France and Russia** treaty-bound to help **her. Lit** by a spark in Prague, the **war-flame** might streak across Europe **in a night.**

Peace Not Enough

Sudeten **Germans** themselves are against war: **their homes** would be the battle-ground.

But a **peaceful solution is not enough:** if it's to last, **it must also be just. Lord** Runciman's **delicate task is to do** what he can to **promote that end.**

He starts **with the good will of both** sides. **May his work roll the war-clouds** away!

Now read **A. G. G.'s masterly survey** on page 11.

Heed Mr. Eden

Holidays **in full swing. Make the** most of this **good time, you lucky ones.** Idleness of your **own free will—refresh**ing the body, **recreating the mind!**

But remember **those who are idle** against their **will. Their number is** growing. **Bodies weakened by privation,** minds racked by **despair.**

Heed Mr. **Eden's warning. Prospects** of 2,000,000 **unemployed again this** winter.

Slump to Slump

For years **British statesmen quailed** at a workless **total of little more than** 1,000,000. **Then the slump, and a leap** to nearer **3,000,000.**

Much-vaunted recovery followed. But the lowest figure reached was well over the million.

So, before we've recovered from one slump, we may have to face another. Forestall this grim outlook.

False Economy

Conservative **M.P.s answer with an** economy drive.

Armaments are dear, they cry, so cut other expenditure!

They do not see that even what's being spent on arms now is not enough to stop unemployment rising; that soon arms expenditure will slacken.

Prosperity Plan

Plan more public works, retort trade union chiefs. Big road, bridge, railway jobs have to be prepared long in advance. Choose and plan them now. Put them into effect when necessary.

Instead of the new "economania" drive, let's take Mr. Attlee's advice and spend wisely

Wage this War!

But a works programme by itself is not enough. Governments must plan for prosperity as keenly as they plan for war.

Britain has a military general staff. Take Mr. Attlee's advice. Have an economic general staff, too.

Make war on unemployment. Wage that war with what Mr. Eden calls a "national effort."

Babel's Babble

An outcry some time ago because defence was divided between War Office, Admiralty and Air Ministry.

This was half met by appointing a Defence Co-ordination Minister. He can't order the others about, but he's supposed to see they keep in step.

And in the fight for prosperity, many departments and the local authorities all have a say: often they shout each other down.

Death-Trap Roads

Time and again a cheeseparing Treasury has deprived the Ministry of Transport of money needed for roads. Build Britain a modern highway system!

Holiday time is, for most roads, the peak period. Many of you will have seen for yourselves in the past few days the appalling waste and danger of Britain's present road system.

On the one hand, congestion and delay. On the other, death and mutilation for thousands.

Safety Rule

"It is forbidden to cross the line except by the footbridge." No one takes that amiss on railways.

A similar sort of rule may have to be adopted one day on trunk roads. If the roads were built as scientifically as railways, it would be worth it.

Most of us would recoil with horror if we saw children playing on a railway line.

Yet somehow we see nothing wrong in allowing children to scamper over roads on which potential death drives every minute at 40 or 50 m.p.h.

Crazy—

Fantastically, schools are still being built in some places alongside busy main roads, even at dangerous junctions.

Is your local authority thinking of a new school? Demand that the site be safe!

—Sensible

Credit where credit's due. Much is being done to keep children from dangerous streets.

New flat-buildings have spacious courtyards. New Act of Parliament will enable side-roads to be set aside as play-streets.

London's latest idea is a Children's Lido—paddling-cum-bathing pool for tots—to entice them into the parks.

Exit the Blues

More fun for big brothers and sisters, too.

Free dancing in London parks on certain nights this month. Only an experiment. But we hope it succeeds.

Dancing in the open has a charm all its own. Parks are the only places where the young of our big cities can indulge it.

Yes—but

Welcome the new Sharepushing Bill! It's the answer to one of John Bull's longest, most fiercely fought campaigns.

But it's not the absolutely conclusive answer for which we hoped after we gave evidence to the official committee that investigated the matter.

We approve the severity of its penal clauses. Sharepushers will get up to seven years' penal servitude if they're caught.

Will the big men be caught? What is to stop them working through "dummies" who could easily get the licences which the Bill proposes for all share dealers?

Make it Cast-Iron

Other omissions, too, in the Bill. There should be a check on bogus financial journals.

Dealers should have to put down a substantial deposit—£25,000, say—before starting business.

But it's something to have got the Bill. Now it's up to M.P.s to make it leak-proof.

Ticket-of-Leave

Next, we salute Sir Samuel Hoare's proposals for scrapping rotten jails, giving their inmates better conditions of work and recreation.

But—yes, there's a big "But" here also.

Change of Mind

Most dreaded feature of our penal code is the ticket-of-leave system, by which released convicts have to report to the police.

It stops them from living down their past; is indefensible in every way.

When Sir Samuel first thought about prison reform, he said he'd scrap ticket-of-leave. Now he doesn't say a word about it.

Has he been persuaded to change his mind? By whom—and why? We'd like to know.

Parents Want an Answer

HOLIDAYS have now closed the Stoke Junior and Infants' School, Ipswich, where four little girls were recently found to be suffering from a grave disease. But anxiety in the district continues.

Are there only four victims? Is there any truth in rumours that more than twenty cases have been found? Where did the disease originate?

* * *

Ipswich people want replies to those questions; are entitled to them.

And, remembering the great scandal which recently shook South Africa following discovery of the same disease at a girls' school, parents all over the country want to know whether their own children are safe.

All Doctor J. W. Hunter, Ipswich Medical Officer of Health, will say is that he is unable to give any information.

That is not good enough. In a matter of this sort, the public has a right to the fullest information at the earliest moment.

We hope Dr. Hunter will think again.

Ventilation, not secrecy, is best in these cases.

VOICE of the PEOPLE

HOW hard it must be for old-age pensioners to find 10s. a year wireless licence out of their £26 a year.

Paying the same proportion, £200-a-year wage-earner would have to find about £4, and £1,000-a-year men £20 a year. But surely Parliament could consider some concession?—R. Walker, 4, Grasmere Avenue, Middlesbrough, Yorks.

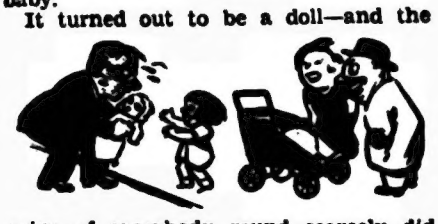
It has considered the idea, and turned it down because of the cost. But Parliament is notoriously mean to old folk. They should be given better pensions—not a mere 10s. a year wireless licence concession.

Overdoing It

Toymakers are rather overdoing things in their anxiety to make dolls lifelike.

The other day I saw a pram overturn into the road. There was a scream that made my blood curdle. I was nearly killed by traffic in my efforts to save the baby.

It turned out to be a doll—and the



grins of everybody round scarcely did credit to them.—S. Burrows, 3, Garland Road, Oldham, Lancs.

Saddest Chapel

In Bynea there is a little chapel visited twice a week by a thousand unemployed men who go there to sign and draw their "dole."

I have yet to see one who has entered with his cap or hat on. These men may lose hope. But they don't lose faith, or the finer emotions of life.—Owen John Davies, Pantyglean, Loughor, near Swansea.

They don't, indeed. Readers often tell us of coins that change hands in the "dole" queue, with: "Take that, pal. You need it most."

Ll. G.—Englishman

My friend has just proved to me that Mr. Lloyd George is an Englishman, born in Manchester.

Why the reference, therefore, to Welsh fervour, etc., etc.?—Thomas Waghorn, 87A, High Street West, Glossop, Derbyshire.

"Ll. G." was born at Manchester January 17, 1863, of Welsh parents. Manchester invites him to dinners as one of her famous sons. And "Ll. G." goes. But his heart is in Wales. When somebody said to him during the war, "When you are dead we will bury you in Westminster Abbey," he turned round angrily with: "When I am dead you will bury me in the shadow of my Welsh mountains."

Myth

Working in one of the Mantle Vale slate quarries, a colleague and myself had to split up a rock weighing many tons.

We found inside a live frog, in a cavity of its own shape. There was no crack by which the frog could have entered the cavity. It must have been there for aeons.—G. C. Jones, Derwyn, 4, Eifion Terrace, Talysarn.

Natural History Museum says the frog must have been under the rock. Cavity was a coincidence which may have been added to by frog jumping into cavity at crucial moment. Museum adds that frog in rock story is the most world-wide of legends, is believed everywhere, but frog always leaps from beneath the stone. It can't live without air, anyway.

Pity the Tortoise

Something must be done to minimise the cruelty going on in the sale of tortoises.

I have seen them crowded in small shops and depots—sometimes sold with an eye or even a leg missing, or their shells cracked.

They are dropped on concrete paths, sometimes down basements. In heaven's name let us do something for these useful little pets.—W. W. Willis, senior, 151, Bankes Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

R.S.P.C.A. comments: We have already found that the position is bad. For some time we have been tracing and conferring with the importing agents. The trouble is there are so many firms involved. The public may rest assured we are doing our best.

It isn't fair . . .

WORKING seven days a week nearly the whole year round, it is difficult for me to find a day in which to get married. So my young lady has just asked a vicar whether he can oblige us by permitting a Sunday ceremony.

He can—at double fee. Inconvenient to him? Probably; but what about "Bear ye one another's burdens"?—W. Creffield, Junr., 59, Osborne Square, Dagenham.

IN my trade—the sign trade—workpeople are often out of work while local councils "consider the plans."

If more councillors had a taste of unemployment they wouldn't "consider" so long.—E. Martin, 50, Jeymer Drive, Greenford, Middlesex.

ONE man I know has been judge at thirty-nine baby shows.

He is blind to all the good points in babies, being a bachelor. He always plumps for those that look like little, fat sucking-pigs.

As his only experience is as a live-stock dealer, can you wonder why he has broken dozens of mothers' hearts?—Mrs. G. D., Horsham.

AS a teacher, it appals me that private schools can be started in this country by any crank or nit-wit—provided he can find cranks or nit-wits who will entrust their unfortunate children to his charge.—A. D., Leeds.

NEEDY motorists have to buy their licences quarterly—so they have to pay substantially more every year than the well-to-do man who can put down a year's licence at once.

Yet the cardinal principle of British taxation is supposed to be: "Let the burden go to those most able to bear it."—Miss D. M., Burgh Heath, Surrey.

"HIS mother" thinks he is too young to marry me at twenty-four.

He ought to stay with her a little longer, "in return for all she's done."

So he's agreed. Why is my own sex so selfishly unfair?—Miss A. H., Mutley, Plymouth.

MAYBE I should be proud to pay income-tax.

Well, my father has been rendered totally disabled by dread silicosis, contracted in quarrying. He must have brandy, halibut oil, etc. I am happy to help.

But why should the income-tax people refuse me any allowance in respect of that help—and so effectively bar marriage to me completely?—H. T., Stannington, Sheffield.

A POST OFFICE van collided with my motor-cycle.

A year later, the G.P.O. has notified me that it recognises no liability for accidents in which its vehicles are concerned.

It expects me to take out third-party insurance. Yet that Department, right or wrong, refuses to pay a penny.—Jack Adnitt, 9, Queen's Road, Chesham, Bucks.

I AM one of those wretched people —a commercial traveller compelled to use a car.

My samples are too heavy for me to carry them to and from the nearest car-park, so I am hounded by the police from pillar to post, have a "record" like a criminal.

Surely trade is worth encouraging, which can be done by giving us special facilities.—T. T. T., Wimborne Road, Bournemouth.

BECAUSE his school career was supposed to end on July 29 and the firm concerned wanted him earlier in the month, my son has lost a permanent and promising job.

"Take him away and we will prosecute you and the employer," said pompous Authority.—H. Hodgson, 2, Yaxley Cottages, Wickham, Fareham, Hants.

World Tour

WHO is the last reader to receive his or her copy of JOHN BULL?

I got last week's—I always call it last week's—forty-one days after publication.

And surely mine becomes the most widely read copy of all those you print. The boys literally wear it out.—W. F. Christy, H.M.S. ——, New Zealand.

We, too, would be interested to know. Every post brings us in letters like the following:

I was interested to read in my JOHN BULL of the reader who works with five Britons, four Italians, one Russian, one Frenchman.

The Mayor of our city was born in England, our best councillor in Germany; our District Attorney is of German descent and has a Mexican wife; our best travel agent is English; our sealer is of Italian descent; our leading locksmith is German-born, English-raised; the director of our museum was born in Liverpool; our school architect is from Australia; one of our assistant District Attorneys is a Negro—and all are highly respected.—Willis Werner, 1,468, 7th Avenue, San Diego, California.

He Knows

Every day the horse becomes more of a rarity. I am a blacksmith, and I know.

For instance, I was shoeing a horse the other day when a man of twenty-three pointed to the hoof and said: "Do you put those wood blocks on their legs when they are born?"—R. Burchell, "Arundel," Coleshill Road, Atherstone, Warwick.

Sharp Point

Road authorities stud halt signs, de-restriction signs, kerbs, telegraph poles, etc., with reflectors as a safety-precaution for motorists.

Yet road authorities tell us—see recent Traffic Advisory Committee's report—that reflectors on a bicycle won't be seen by motorists.

Is it suggested that some invisible little devil jumps on the cyclist's back mudguard and puts his hand over the reflector at the approach of a car?—W. Irons, Main Road, Ansty, near Coventry.

This is one of the best points we have seen raised in connection with the rear-lamps-or-reflectors controversy. Says the other side: "The fact that authorities use reflectors in clusters, not every one of which the motorists see, doesn't mean that a motorist should notice a single reflector in a dark lane." And so the rumpus goes on!

Did He Smile?

We had just passed Garstang in a sports car when a man emerged from a stationary car, and we missed him by inches.

Pale, he came to us to apologise for making us swerve. The wide-toothed and somewhat wistful smile seemed familiar.

Yes, we guessed who he was at once. Britain had nearly lost a great funny man—George Formby.—A. Varty, 20, Victoria Road, Penrith.

Says George: "Did I smile? I had a fat lot to laugh about, hadn't I?"

Don't be Stung

We get many questions put to us by visitors to the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow.

One old lady insisted on being stung by bees in the section devoted to bees and bee-keeping. She wanted to cure her rheumatism.

We haven't heard yet whether it was successful.—James A. Aitken, 32, Harcourt Drive, Glasgow, E.1.

Some doctors believe in the bee-sting cure—many don't. A German firm has girls employed removing the venom from bees for "bee venom therapy." It is often said that bee-keepers never have rheumatism—but don't they just. Anyhow, never try the sting cure without asking your doctor.

We Want to Know . . .

what you are thinking about. Interesting things you've seen. Interesting things you've done.

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Sir Wyndham Childs .... Page 13
Greatest of These— .... Page 26
Human Documents ..... Page 28
True Story ..... Page 26

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

WE MUST HAVE IRON LUNGS

THREE times in as many weeks there has been a frantic countrywide search for the life-saving "iron lung."

S.O.S.s from the B.B.C., specially cleared trunk lines, special trains, fast cars—all called into action.

Three sick people—two of them children—slowly strangling to death, while every resource of modern communication are being used to bridge the dreadfully vital minutes!

Drama there. But tragic farce as well.

What a commentary on the so-called "health services" of a great country!

To nine-year-old Reginald Gill, of Ipswich, the apparatus came too late.

At the very minute that the doctors were making their last 'phone appeals, the Government was busy arguing its £1,000,000,000 gun Budget through the House.

A £100 gadget might have saved Reggie Gill. But the Government is not interested in life-saving.

Mr. Elliot, Minister for Health, has said so.

Asked, after this child's death, whether State funds might be used to add to the available number of "iron lungs" in the country, he replied that the number of cases involving its use were too few to justify such a step.

Let us hope that circumstances do not give the lie to Mr. Elliot. For the infantile paralysis which killed little Reginald Gill has become something like an epidemic in South-East England.

At Halstead and Braintree, in Essex, more than a dozen persons—most of them children — have been stricken down.

All schools have been closed, all available health services mobilised to fight the disease and check its spread.

ONE of the worst features of this disease is its liability to attack the nerves of the chest muscles. When this happens only the "iron lung" can save the sufferer.

It is a machine for applying continual artificial respiration. By alternately expanding and contracting the chest, it does the work which the paralysed chest muscles will no longer do.

During the last eight years, seven hundred people, one-sixth of the total cases of infantile paralysis have died in this country. Most of them because of this failure of the lungs.

Yet Mr. Elliot talks about the "infrequent number of occasions" on which this life-saving apparatus might be required!

Britain has been lucky compared with other countries. The disease has never reached a scourge level here. But is not seven hundred deaths and about four thousand cases in eight years more than enough?

Is not that death-roll enough to justify an immediately available supply of the only apparatus which has proved its worth in saving the lives of sufferers from infantile paralysis?

BUT there are only seventeen "iron lungs," or Drinker machines (so-called after the inventor, Dr. Phillip Drinker), in the whole of this country, of fifty million people.

There are only sixteen Bragg-Paul pulsators, devised by Sir William Bragg and R. W. Paul.

Both these machines are equally efficacious in cases of chest paralysis, though it is said that the Drinker machine possesses wider medical applications.

Only thirty-three.

London has eleven of them in its fever hospitals because the "iron lung" can save lives in bad cases of diphtheria. Another half-dozen in the great teaching hospitals, and in one or two expensive nursing clinics.

Where are the rest? Nobody knows exactly.

Hence the frantic business of B.B.C. S.O.S.s in every emergency.

JOHN BULL can trace only three in all the North of England—one each at Manchester, Edinburgh and Newcastle.

Although chest paralysis arises suddenly, and the "iron lung" may have to come into use in a matter of minutes, we could not find a single example of this vital machine in any other of the great key cities of the North and Midlands.

Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Hull, Nottingham, Norwich—none of them has got a "lung."

There is not one in the whole of Wales.

The nearest place with a "lung" is Bristol.

And London must serve the whole of Southern England—if its machines are not already in use.

That's the trouble. When an S.O.S. comes through, the nearest available apparatus may already be occupied; so there is long delay while one is borrowed from a distant place.

A couple of bad diphtheria outbreaks, a minor epidemic of infantile paralysis—and every available machine in the country would be booked up.

The fate of those sufferers deprived of the "iron lung's" help can be imagined.

True, the "lung" cannot always save a patient's breath from fluttering out.

But some people have been kept alive for years by its aid—and eventually recovered.

Familiar to all is the case of Frederick Snite, American millionaire's son, who has enjoyed—yes, enjoyed—existence for more than two years within his huge cylinder.

And in Britain there are now many people, once similarly helpless, who can now walk and run.

Liverpool sent out the last S.O.S. A machine was found at Ipswich, rushed across country by aeroplane.

No sooner had it arrived, and the patient was installed, than Ipswich wanted it back for one of its own urgent cases.

That hospitals are driven to such resorts while patients' lives hang in jeopardy is, we say, a shocking indictment both of our hospital system and the public health services.

Sir William Bragg agrees that an "iron lung organisation" is urgently required.

"There seems no reason," he remarks, "why a hospital should not be able to obtain a 'lung' within, say, two hours.

"Each hospital cannot be expected to go to the expense of acquiring a machine for its own use.

"But there is no reason why every hospital superintendent should not know where to obtain the loan of one in an emergency and with the minimum of delay."

Would the acquisition of enough "iron lungs" to serve every area in the country throw a crippling burden on the nation?

WELL, a Drinker machine costs only £214. And a Bragg-Paul pulsator which can do nearly the same work costs only £85.

Every hospital in the country could be equipped with an "iron lung" for the cost of thirty aeroplanes.

We believe that the life of even a single person is as important to the nation as thirty aeroplanes.

And the quicker Mr. Elliot gets that fact into his own head and into the heads of his Front Bench colleagues—the better for him, and for them.

They can find justification for helping to set up a complete "iron lung" service in their precious A.R.P. scheme.

Because the machine is an absolute necessity for treating certain types of gas casualties.

If money can be found for buying gas masks, buckets and spades, then money can be found also for the life-saver that will be just as urgently required in the event of war.

Meanwhile, it would be put to immediate use—which is more than we can say for the gas masks.

We indict the Government for the present scandal.

Hard-up hospitals cannot afford to buy the machine in adequate numbers. And it is the Government that is responsible for the continuance of the voluntary hospitals system.

We do not care how the Minister of Health salves his financial conscience about the supply of money for acquiring "iron lungs."

We do not care whether he does it in his capacity as guardian of the nation's health or as the overlord of the A.R.P. Department.

FOR we have had enough of this miserable farce of hospital officials chasing all over the country in an attempt to borrow equipment from each other—equipment on which the lives of children and adults alike may rest.

We have had enough of the shallow pretence that wealthy Britain cannot afford to save its citizens from horrible and needless death.

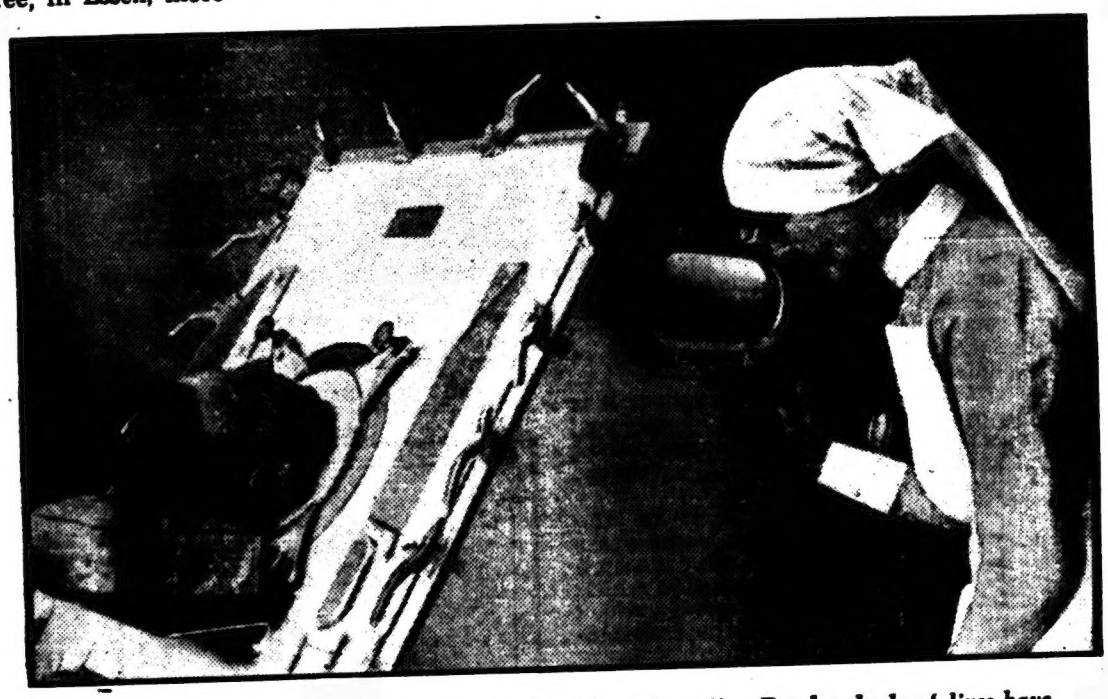
We refuse to believe that the seven hundred people who have perished from infantile paralysis—to say nothing of diphtheria's victims—in the last few years were of no consequence.

If Mr. Elliot believes it—then we should like to see someone else in charge of his Department.

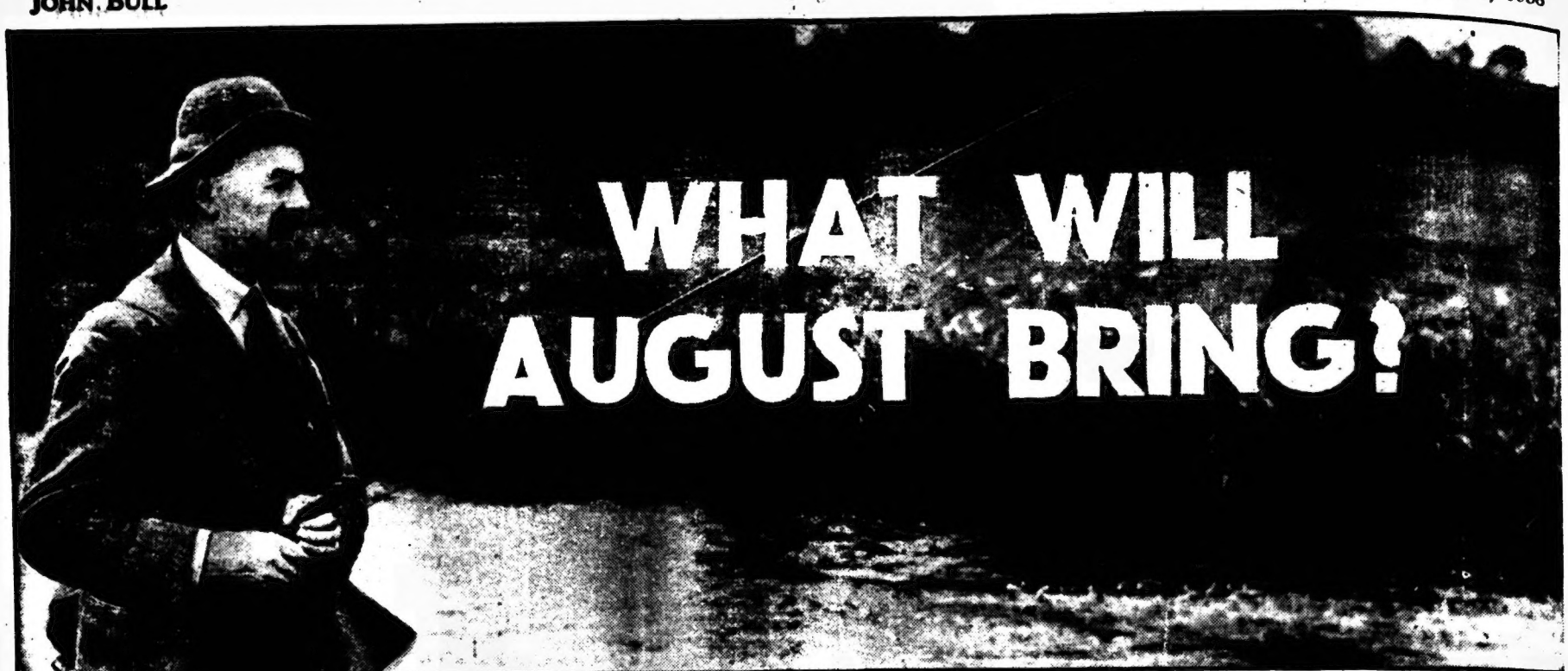
The Ministry of Health must shoulder responsibility, financially and morally, for a proper "iron lung" service. It need not wait on Parliament for sanction. Any action can be undertaken as an administrative matter.

But we want that action at once, before the tragic cases of the past three weeks widen into widespread catastrophe.

So—what about it, Mr. Elliot?



Saved—because of prompt treatment in the "Iron Lung." But hundreds of lives have been lost for lack of this life-assuring machine; and Whitehall isn't interested!



WHAT WILL AUGUST BRING!

Wish the Prime Minister a long holiday by the trout streams!

NOW that Parliament has adjourned, the nightly cry of "Who goes home?" will cease to be heard in the halls of Westminster for over three months.

At least, that is the fervent hope of all of us. For if the hope is disappointed, it will mean that the worst of our fears is fulfilled.

Many of the acutest students of affairs, especially German affairs, regard August as the critical month. Should it be survived without catastrophe, we may reasonably assume that the danger point of 1938 has been passed. May it be so.

What is certain is that Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues have not dispersed to the moors and the trout streams with any confident assurance that events may not summon them back to Westminster before the autumn.

THERE are two grounds on which they claim success. They have preserved the peace and they have carried through, almost without opposition, the most stupendous Budget ever introduced in a time of peace.

There have been other achievements, ranging from the Coal Bill to such excellent social reforms as those of holidays with pay and the removal of the scandals associated with hire purchase.

But these domestic matters have been overshadowed by the menace of war. It is that menace which explains the fact that Parliament and the nation alike have accepted the terrific burden of rearmament almost without a murmur.

They have accepted it, first, because the needs of national security transcend all other considerations, and, second, because it is only this language of force that carries any weight with the dictators who are gambling so recklessly with the fate of humanity.

No price is too high to pay when the safety of the realm and the future of civilisation are at stake, and it is this fact, more than confidence in the Government itself, that has mobilised the country so solidly in support of the policy of defence now in full blast.

That policy will be in vain if it is not backed by a more courageous and imaginative statesmanship than that which has brought us to the present desperate pass.

Cast your mind back to the summer of 1931, seven short years ago, and you will have some measure of the catastrophic landslide which has taken place in the world outlook and of the extent of the responsibility of this country for it.

REGARDED in retrospect, the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in that autumn was the most momentous challenge in human history.

Had its meaning been grasped, and the threat boldly countered, the agonies that fill the world to-day could not have come to pass.

But the Japanese, thanks to the craven spirit they encountered, "got away with it."

They were permitted to show that solemn treaties could be outraged with impunity, that the League of Nations could be defied without fear, and that the "mailed fist" could terrorise the world.

We were not alone responsible for this surrender, but we had the prime share in it, and I think history will look back upon Sir John Simon's tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship as the most fateful episode in our annals.

From that betrayal all the rest followed as the night the day.

Japan had shown that it was quite safe to flout the League and go on marauding adventures wherever there was loot to be had.

Mussolini, with his dreams of restoring the Roman Empire and making the Mediterranean an Italian lake, embarked on his Abyssinian conquest.

Hitler joined him in repudiating the League, and in fomenting the civil war in Spain.

Incidentally, he cynically tore up the Stresa compact for the defence of the independence of Austria to which Mussolini himself was the chief signatory.

SO, step by step, the structure of world peace crumbled to ruin, and to-day the gospel of force possesses the earth.

Spain is a shambles at one end of the hemisphere. China is a shambles at the other.

And now we await the fate of Czecho-Slovakia. Two months ago that fate seemed imminent.

By A. G. Gardiner

It was averted on May 21 by one of the two actions in this dreadful story of which we have reason to be proud.

In that case, as in the Nyon agreement, it was shown that when we acted with decision our power was such as to give the dictators pause.

But the pause is only temporary. Czecho-Slovakia is still marked down for slaughter.

All of us hope that Lord Runciman's mission will produce a solution; but he would be an optimist indeed who built his hopes high on that foundation.

IT is not a local question to be judged on local grievances, real or faked.

It is part of a vast policy of power politics directed to bringing the free nations under the heel of the totalitarian dictators.

The aims of the respective dictators do not at this stage conflict. Japan seeks a hegemony of Asia. Italy of the Mediterranean. Germany of Central and South-Eastern Europe.

They have a common bond, inasmuch as the chief object of attack of each is the British Commonwealth of Nations, with its resources, its liberties and its free, self-governing institutions.

Destroy that system, and gangsterism will have the world at its feet, with all the devilries of Jew-baiting, concentration camps, religious oppression and barbarism in full play.

IF and when this goal is achieved, the second phase of power politics will open.

Then the dictators, having destroyed democratic civilisation everywhere, will turn and rend each other for the loot of the world.

And in that struggle, Hitler has no doubt of the ability of Germany to ride roughshod over the Italian ally whom he uses to-day and will gobble up when the purpose is served.

Do not suppose, therefore, that Czecho-Slovakia is a negligible pawn with which we have no concern.

It is the immediate and crucial piece in the great game that Hitler is playing.

It is the last bulwark of freedom and independence left in Central Europe.

If it goes the whole of South-Eastern Europe to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean will be dominated politically as well as economically by Berlin.

And a moment's thought will enlighten you as to the meaning of this, not only in regard to European civilisation, but in regard to the future of the British Empire.

FINALLY, do not let us imagine that we can buy off the gangsters with danegeld. We have tried that.

The more they are fed, the greater their appetite and insolence grows.

Nor let it be supposed that in that way peace can be secured. It may delay war, but it ensures war in the end.

The only hope of peace is in adopting a just and fearless policy from which there can be no retreat, and around which the lesser countries whose independence is threatened can be mobilised for the common defence of democratic civilisation.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S NEW 'WHO'S WHO'

LESLIE KEEPS ON BEAMING

Hore - Belisha is very kindly. In a Cabinet that is almost colourless, he wears a perpetual smile

WHEN, a few weeks ago, I wanted Leslie Hore-Belisha to speak at a dinner, my old friend could not come because he was attending a Cabinet dinner.

I thought back to the old days when, one of his newspaper colleagues, I used to chaff him at lunch and say, "As you're certain to be Prime Minister one day, Leslie, I'll buy you one of Disraeli's waistcoats." For, to all Jewish politicians, whatever thei· Party, Beaconsfield is a god.

Leslie's recc..t career has been so rapid that when my secretary asked, "Where shall I send the letter?" I replied, without thinking, "The Ministry of Transport." He wrote back and asked whether I meant the present Minister of Transport or himself.

I thought the most tactful way was to address my apology to the House and say, "It is perhaps safer to send it to you at the Commons, as, for all I know, by the time you get this your real address will be 10, Downing Street."

You never know what will become of Hore-Belisha. He may fall suddenly, like a spent rocket, or the miracle may happen that he becomes the nation's leader.

Leslie is like that. He is—not in an evil sense—a political adventurer, a careerist. I do not mean that he would sacrifice all his principles for a job, but he is a man who knows his way about, and yet pursues it without giving offence.

Fleet Street, where he worked for some years, still likes him and still calls him Leslie.

The City, where he soon gave up directorships after the Shilling Share slump, hands him no blame.

HE is very kindly. In a Cabinet that is almost colourless, he wears a perpetual smile, one that he lost only temporarily when, in the height of the Sandys crisis, M.P.s were asking openly, "Will Neville save himself by giving Belisha the sack?"

He is, if I remember rightly, the fourth statesman who, in the last century, has found his name become a phrase.

Because of the great Sir Robert, who started them, policemen became "Peelers." There was the "Brodrick cap," a merry joke for months. We had the "Kitchener Army," too, when K. of K. was Secretary for War.

Then, because a Fleet Street reporter named Eccleston thought of it, the new way of not being killed so often on the road became "Belisha Beacons."

Leslie's flair for publicity at the Ministry of Transport pushed into the background the much more valuable work done there by Herbert Morrison, his predecessor. But Leslie always had a trick of drawing attention to himself.

In spite of it, the traffic death-roll went on just the same. Still, his remedies sounded charming on the air.

What was needed, of course, was new motor roads. These would cost money we are all spending on armaments.

WELL, Leslie's work at the War Office has, so far, increased his national standing, although we hope it will never be tested on the battlefield.

He has humanised the Army a bit, not so much as we would like, but more than anybody else has done it. And he still goes on smiling, an easy man to caricature because of his large eyebrows, and still with a "way" with him.

At a dinner, a dozen years ago, I said of him, jokingly, that I had heard he was seeking the hand of Megan Lloyd George in marriage.

Blushing suddenly, he indignantly denied it. What I meant, of course, was that Leslie was determined to get on. And he will get on.

When, entering the War Office, he sacked the Old Gang and put Viscount Gort in charge, he braved a lot of Influence—and successfully. Still, the War Office, by that time, had had so many shocks from Socialist Governments that he seemed a bromide.

UNLESS, for political reasons, Neville drops Leslie—he is more likely, for political reasons, to keep him in the Cabinet—the War Office will have to regard him with respect. He was a soldier in the Great War.

And after all, you know, in these days ex-soldiers do not pay to high-and mighty Generals that worshipful adoration that was part of our simple faith before the war, when the people who sat in the War Office and the Admiralty seemed beings as important as they themselves imagined.

Leslie, like all the other men who served overseas, saw thousands of his comrades slaughtered when they need not have been, because of War Office blunders and because, as Lloyd George has told me, "The experts always get ready for the last war."

He got the War Office job when Duff Cooper, having failed there, got pushed over to the Admiralty. If you cannot run the Army, well, the Navy, I suppose, can run itself.

They weren't getting recruits. Soon, Leslie had raised the figure. Not very much, but it was an improvement.

Until last week, I thought he would not be brave enough, in the confines of a Tory policy which imprisoned him, to face up to the realities and make promotion from the ranks easier and more certain.

Then, suddenly, out he came with proposals that the old school of soldiers will call revolutionary.

It was a move forced on the War Office by the need for more men.

One day, I hope, Belisha will go even further. . . .

Leslie has what otherwise, in the Cabinet, only Dr. Burgin, his successor at the Ministry of Transport, possesses, a useful knowledge of languages.

He speaks German and French, and a bit of Italian. I expect, too, he knows Yiddish as well as Neville knows Brummagem.

His greatest experience, recently, was the result of a misunderstanding. When he was going to Malta to inspect defences he said casually to Neville, "Shall I call in at Rome and see the Minister for War?"

"Yes," replied Neville, not realising till after that Mussolini was not only Dictator but Lord High Everything Else.

Still, Leslie saw him and came away, still beaming.

"They ought to send him to see Hitler next," said his Jewish friends!

ONE most human side of the Minister for War will always be his devotion to his mother. The two idolised each other.

Indeed, he was, at home, nearly as humble in his mother's presence as was Northcliffe when, forgetting *The Times* and all that, became just a son.

Her recent passing, after long suffering, had upon Leslie a great effect.

It taught him much. It strengthened his character. He began to know lots of things he had never known before. It softened him, too, and made him determined to justify, in his mother's eyes, all that for which she had worked so long.

Leslie is the most popular member of the National Liberal Party. It was to please that small and strangely ineffective body that he was given Cabinet rank.

But he has justified it. Even if his Party died, he would now remain.

I thought back to a lot of things when, at Villers-Bretonneux, I saw him arrive, an honoured guest, received by French generals and accompanied by Viscount Gort, his own promotion.

A KHAKI-CLAD rabbi said to me, "I knew him when he was President of the Oxford Union."

"I knew him," I replied, "when we used to write paragraphs side by side." But that's nothing. Jim Jarche, one of our photographers, went to school with him at Margate, and, being older, used to administer the chastisement sometimes necessary. Now, Leslie is Secretary of State for War, and Jim has to take his picture!

Not that he bears him grudge because of their differences in station.

For, except for silly Fascists, to whom he is as a red rag to a bull, Leslie is liked by everybody.

RECENTLY the "Lambeth Walk" was demonstrated to 1,200 dancing teachers who came from all parts of the world to attend the annual London conference of the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing.

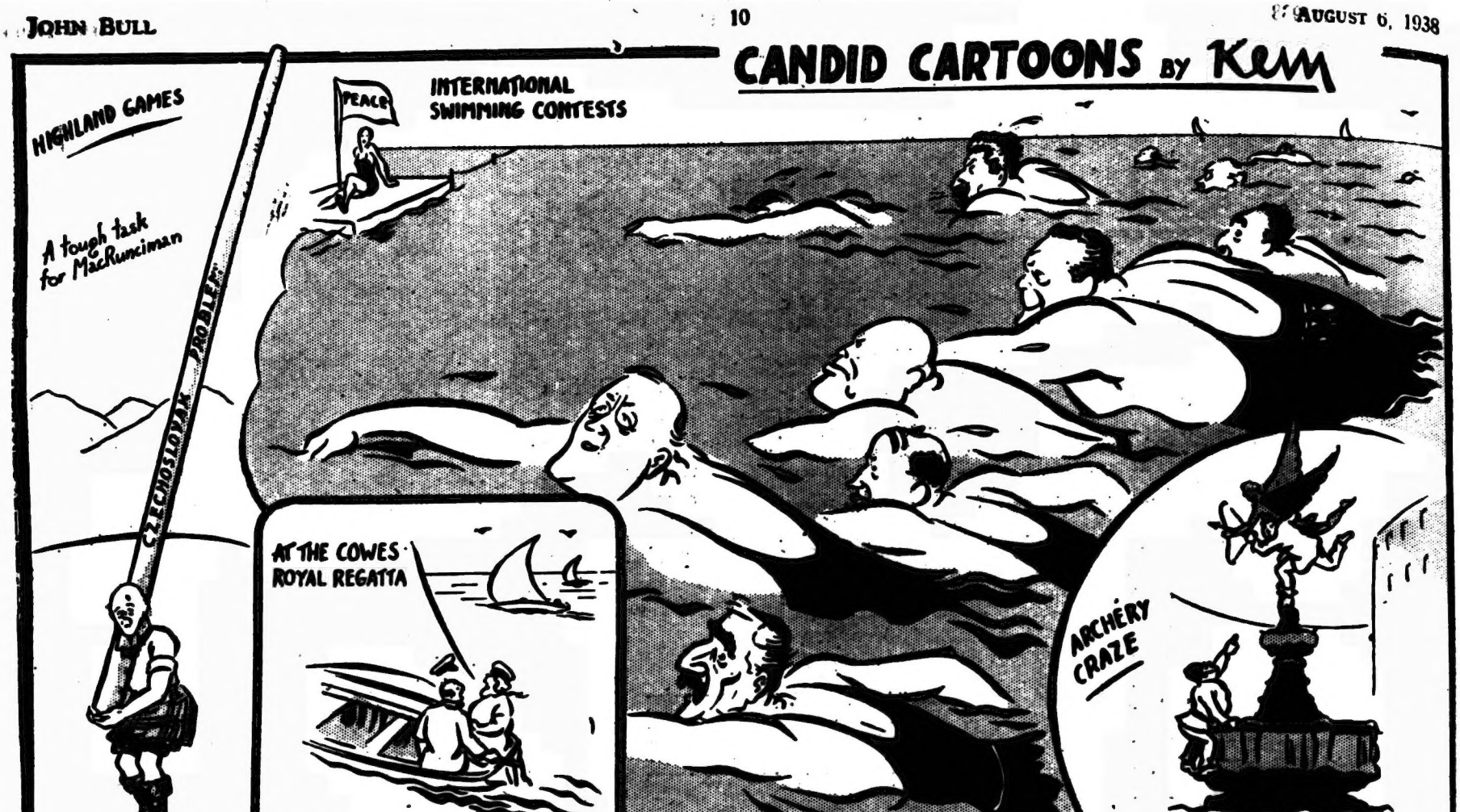
The enormous popularity of the dance has made Lambeth Walk, London, S.E., quite popular with foreign tourists.

"Lambeth Walk" is one of the 28 well-known tunes in the *Daily Herald* great free £2,500 Holiday Music Programme Competition.

All you have to do is to choose 12 which would provide the best programme for a seaside military band concert and you may win the £2,000 first prize fortune.

The competition is absolutely free, so fill in an entry form from the *Daily Herald* every day.

CANDID CARTOONS BY Kem


HIGHLAND GAMES
A tough task for MacRunciman
CZECHOSLOVAK PROBLEM
PEACE
INTERNATIONAL SWIMMING CONTESTS
AT THE COWES ROYAL REGATTA
Lady Mindbap:—"Wouldn't it be better if sailing boats had a motor instead of sails?"
Worth striving for.
ARCHERY CRAZE
—Honestly, Officer, I was only training for the Archery championship

Open Letters

Mr. JUSTICE HUMPHREYS: Does Ministry of Labour think two children can be kept on 6s. a week, you ask. Think? It's proud of it!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. M. CASTELLANI: I agree Mussolini gets younger every year. Often feel he needs baby's dummy.—JOHN BULL.

A. P. H.: Your demand for enquiry into preposterous costs of justice to poor people has grateful support of JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Manufacturers complain bitterly to me of your failure to stop Japanese dumping.

Made by sweated workers, children's garments—shirts, shorts and play overalls—are being sold everywhere at sixpence each; our manufacturers have to pay as much for labour alone.

So, because they cannot compete, many of them are having to halve their staffs.

Can't the prospect of still higher unemployment induce you to ban dumping?—JOHN BULL.

THE CLERGY,
Worthing

REVEREND SIRS,—For impudent intolerance, you take the cake.

"Shut everything on Sundays," you petition the town council.

Shut the parks, bandstand, pleasure gardens, kinemas and restaurants! No bathing, deck chairs or car parks!

Now try to get this into your narrow heads: You have every right to urge people to adopt Sabbatarianism voluntarily. You have no right to attempt to force it upon them.

The days of the parson's rule are long past Fortunately!—JOHN BULL.

Alderman H. J. MORLAND,
Croydon Town Council

SIR,—Disgraceful that you should import foreign nurses for Croydon's municipal hospitals!

If pay and conditions were made commensurate with modern standards there would be plenty of British girls ready to enter the service.

Indeed, those girls are already available. But because the work is so laborious, so debased by restrictions, most of those who start soon abandon their training.

In fact, the chief qualifications for nursing in most hospitals seem to be a horse's constitution and complete subservience to red tape.—JOHN BULL.

THE MAGISTRATES,
Ealing Juvenile Court

YOUR WORSHIPS,—Two boys, aged fifteen and ten, have been living on their own in a damp, dark basement for two months.

Their father is dead, their mother in hospital. The elder boy earns £1 a week, has paid half in rent and the other half on their food.

Now you've handed them over to the education authorities, ordered the furniture to be stored.

And you assured them, "When your mother is better, a place will be found for the three of you to live together."

Other magistrates would have ordered their home to be sold up, separated mother and children in the workhouse.

May your decision be made the general rule!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR JOHN,—On the money which the Unemployment Insurance Fund has lent you, you pay less than 2 per cent. interest.

But on the money you have lent to the Fund you charge more than 3 per cent.

So the unemployed are having to hand over—for the reduction of rich people's taxation—money that would be available for increasing their own benefits if the same rate of interest prevailed both ways.

This wrong should be righted without delay.—JOHN BULL.

Lord ALNESS,
Distinguished Lawyer

MY LORD,—An angel would weep at the plight of women who have been deprived of their nationality and all their rights because they married foreigners.

I have protested against this unfairness until I am weary. But I had high hopes of your Bill designed to end it.

The Government favour the Bill but won't back it; now it is dead. Because, apparently, the Dominions will not agree on a common plan.

"Spineless and defeatist," you say of our Ministers' attitude. You're right.

If the Dominions are reactionary, Britain should set the pace for them.—JOHN BULL.

THE DIRECTORS,
Southern Railway

GENTLEMEN,—For pity's sake, listen to this:

Two years ago, when a little boy crawled under a fence and was electrocuted on your lines near Tooting, Mr. Donald Chisholm led the protests against the inadequate fencing.

Now his only son, aged four, has died in the same way.

Children will disobey, you know, and cannot always be under their parents' eyes.

Save the waste of young life by providing fences that can neither be bent apart nor crawled under.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES LATHAM,
L.C.C. Finance Chief

DEAR MR. LATHAM,—I don't suppose you will win—but here's my best wishes in your effort to end a rotten and crazy system.

Your Parliamentary Bill aims at rating site values in London.

At present, of course, landowners get fortunes for nothing when new housing estates and other public works are started.

Big industrial concerns pay only a quarter of the normal rates; their full share has to be made up by private residents and shopkeepers.

As you know, I have for years demanded both the taxation of land values and a more equitable method of levying rates. Both must come in time.

Meanwhile, all Britain should watch your struggle for a fairer rating basis.—JOHN BULL.

KENNETH ANSTEY,
Greenford, Middlesex

DEAR KENNETH,—A pat on the back for your presence of mind, at the age of sixteen, in taking on traffic duty when the policeman was suddenly called away.

That particular point in West London is a busy one.

In the ten minutes which elapsed before another policeman arrived, traffic would have piled up into a terrible jam.

The motorists may have chaffed you, but I wager they were thankful.—JOHN BULL.

It's the Best Navy in the World, BUT...

MANY thousands of people are paying their shillings (children sixpence, teas extra) to see the Navy Week at Portsmouth, Plymouth and Chatham.

As an entertainment it is the best shilling's worth in the whole year.

Last year's Show drew 397,361 people to the three dockyards—about 35,000 less than in 1936.

For 1936 was a panic year, when the public was led to believe—despite John Bull's assurances—that we had an entirely inadequate Navy.

People went on to enquire, and learnt that we were paying more than £70,000,000 annually for the strongest war machine in the world.

In official circles it is accepted that the "Week" has passed its peak appeal. It is felt that the idea of the Navy being at home to the Nation should be dropped.

"Nothing much new" is the verdict of visitors this year to the three ports. They are getting tired of having to watch the same old stuff with variations.

"Nothing much new" is the verdict of visitors this year to the three Navy Week ports

Ideas Wanted

That, of course, is only a minor criticism. A little more "production" daring, and the "Week" would go on drawing the public.

What the public should be given is a fresh, intimate—confidential if you like—picture of life in the Royal Navy—the finest life of all for any young man.

Although, essentially, Navy Week is in aid of Naval charities, it is also used, naturally, as a powerful lever for recruiting.

Every possible effort is made to show Navy life in rosy colours—and the colours are essentially rosy, despite some dark smudges.

During the past five years the Navy's recruiting staff has been more than doubled.

In 1934 it consisted of seventy-five ex-officers and ratings and cost £23,000 This year the number is 170 and the cost £60,000—£22,700 more than in 1937.

In spite of all this, and an attempt by naval officers to obtain permission to address children in schools as an aid to recruiting, there is a shortage of recruits in certain branches.

We Know

Now, John Bull is only too anxious to see recruitment for the Royal Navy rushing forward to complete success.

And we know how that could be managed.

Mr. Hore-Belisha, Secretary of State for War, has put recruiting for the Regular and Territorial Army on a fairly satisfactory basis.

He has done that because of his common-sense humanity and his readiness to repair grievances.

What we should like to see is Mr. Duff Cooper, First Lord of the Admiralty, flattering the War Minister by the imitation of his readiness to make reforms.

Because John Bull has the essential interest of the Royal Navy at heart, we put forward for consideration of the Board of Admiralty our ideas of what is wrong.

The changes, which we know are desirable—indeed imperative—can be made with so little trouble.

If only the members of the Board of Admiralty will forget their *admiralty* for a while and become ordinary men in the street of Portsmouth, Plymouth and Chatham.

Reasons for the slowness of recruiting are not far to seek. But they will not be broadcast to Navy Week visitors.

Grievances

The causes are these:

Prospects of promotion from lower deck to quarter deck are less than before the war.

Pay, since the 1925 reductions, is too low. Marriage allowance is only paid to a limited number of men.

Food leaves much to be desired. Cooking is often poor, owing to insufficient staff.

Many ratings are invalided out of the Service each year, often with no pension, the excuse being that their disability is not attributable to the Service. Yet only fit men are entered!

Naval ratings were denied early promotion to commissioned rank until Mr. Winston Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, introduced his democratic reforms for three branches just before the war.

And no extension to the system has been made in twenty-five years!

In 1913 commissions were awarded to forty-four seamen, and another thirty in 1914. In the latter year two commissions were also awarded to Royal Marine rankers and fourteen to engine-room artificers.

Large numbers of men were commissioned during the war, but the majority were "axed" in the peacetime reaction.

No promotion

Last year the numbers commissioned were: Marines, two; artificers, eight; seamen, thirteen.

Even so, the last two figures were much higher than in previous years, because in 1935 there were only three artificer and three seamen promotions, and one marine—the lowest numbers for a quarter of a century!

With the rapid expansion of the Navy and a shortage of officers, the Admiralty panjandrums last year had a fine opportunity to increase the numbers and extend the system to the accountant branch ratings.

Instead, they entered 125 reserve executive officers from the Mercantile Marine, a larger number than the total commissioned from the lower deck in twenty years.

Fifty additional accountant officers were required. But rather than give commissions to accountant ratings, who include some of the best educated and most capable men in the Navy, Whitehall entered fifty reserve officers from civil life—an entirely new departure in this branch.

It is in these administrative details that the "lower deck" feels a considerable grievance.

Men are brought in to officer rank from outside. Quite capable men, certainly, but there are equally capable men—in all branches—who are already part of the Navy and should be given the chances.

Recently the Admiralty announced the reason for denying commissions to the accountant branch. The excuse was involved and feeble.

Outsiders

Only real reason is to keep the accountant branch a class preserve into which men with public school education are brought from outside.

Not only are the promotions to commissioned rank less than before the war, but the number of executive warrant officers has also been cut. And cut by 50 per cent.

At present the number of "pukka" officers, from captain to sub-lieutenant—without counting the new naval air branch officers—is greater than that for the much larger fleet of 1914.

Yet the number of warrant officers is only one-half that of pre-war days.

In other words, the number of "pukka" officers has been kept up at the 1914 level at the expense of warrant officers and to the detriment of promotion from the lower deck.

Since the pay reductions of 1925, the basic rate of an A.B. has been less than that of junior postmen and Government typists under twenty-one years of age. That of a petty officer is less than an engineering labourer—about the same as a Government typist above twenty-three.

Marriage allowance, though recently increased with that for the Army, because of their serious shortage of recruits, is still not paid to ratings under twenty-five.

Wives and children of men under that age are not recognised, and the women have to seek help from public assistance committees or charity from Naval welfare committees.

The latest health Naval report records an epidemic of food poisoning at Devonport Barracks, where twenty-nine men developed gastro-enteritis after a supper of rissoles made from meat previously cooked and reheated.

Scandalous

Disturbing, also, is the number of men invalided out of the Service each year.

During a commission of the cruiser *Hawkins*, on the East Indies station, thirty-five ratings were invalided home, and thirteen out of the Service—five being tuberculosis cases.

In one year on the Mediterranean Station, from another cruiser, H.M.S. *London*, seventeen were invalided home and twelve discharged to shore, seven because of "T.B."

All recruits have to undergo a strict medical examination, so all are absolutely fit on entry.

Yet in the majority of cases the Admiralty contends that the diseases are not attributable to the Service.

The invalids, even after lengthy service, get no pension.

For many years the men have asked for an independent medical appeal tribunal, but this is refused.

Figures for 1936, as given in Parliament, were: Invalided, 1,061; disability accepted as attributable to the Service and granted pensions, 183; invalided with tuberculosis, 167, of whom 115 were given pensions.

This means that 878 men were thrown out on the "dole" or to die.

Even the few fortunate enough to get a pension receive only a pittance.

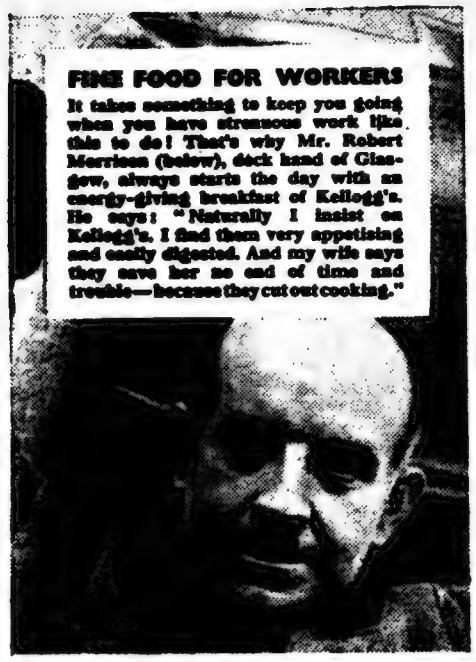
A scandal to a great nation.

"Give us the 30-Second Breakfast every time!"

SAY MILLIONS OF BUSY WORKERS

WHY IS 13 A BAKER'S DOZEN?

Mr. Crabbe of Cardiff, here seen on his round, says he's "not sure." He is sure, however, that you can't beat Kellogg's for crispness. He says: "Kellogg's are certainly crisper and nicer. Besides, I like a light breakfast that is sustaining. That's why I always start the day with Kellogg's."



FINE FOOD FOR WORKERS

It takes something to keep you going when you have strenuous work like this to do! That's why Mr. Robert Merrison (below), deck hand of Glasgow, always starts the day with an energy-giving breakfast of Kellogg's. He says: "Naturally I insist on Kellogg's. I find them very appetising and easily digested. And my wife says they save her no end of time and trouble—because they cut out cooking."

RUNS A HOME AND A JOB TOO! Mrs. Hart of Leicester (below) does all her own housework and serves in the shop as well. "The 30-second breakfast made a world of difference to me," she says. "It's so quick and easy. Besides, Kellogg's is nicer than ordinary cereals too—and we find it more nourishing and sustaining."

It's crisp, tempting, delicious. And so nourishing that it actually has more energy value than 3 eggs. Yet it saves time, trouble and money.

IN every town and village busy people have welcomed the delicious breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. And no wonder! It takes only 30 seconds to serve!

Besides, Kellogg's are so deliciously crisp! They're made extra crisp, you see. And the special inner "Waxtite" wrapper preserves that crispness to the end. Economical too — a big family packet costs only 5½d. and contains 10 big helpings.

Give your family the delicious 30-second breakfast tomorrow morning — they'll love it. And it will save you time, too. Your usual grocer has Kellogg's.

SCIENTIFIC PROOF of the great energy-giving power of the "30-SECOND BREAKFAST"

An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowlful of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. That is why workers find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

MOTHER'S "HELP"!...

"My children prefer Kellogg's to anything else," says Mrs. Nash of Bromley, mother of these lads. "And it keeps them well and strong and full of energy."

10 BIG BREAKFASTS IN THE BIG FAMILY PACKET NOW ONLY 5½d.

An Important SAFEGUARD to help you in *Your Spending*

LOOK around the house, in the kitchen and bathroom and see what a large number of brand names you recognise. Some of them have been familiar for years. You may have made the acquaintance of others only a few weeks ago—but even these are not suspected strangers. They are all vouched for by responsible firms, and the fact that they are advertised is in itself an indication—even an assurance—that their standards of quality are strictly maintained.

Newly developed products are constantly being brought to your notice, invariably, if not mainly, through advertisements. Your clothes and shoes, your radio and furniture, the latest labour-saving appliances, the newest methods of cooking—nearly everything you need to-day is being constantly advertised, ready to help you save money and improve your standard of living.

Truth plays a large part in the lives of everyone to-day and truth is behind the advertisements which lead you to buy everyday things you need. A moment's consideration will make it clear to you why it *must* be so. Experience has taught advertisers one thing, and that is, that no amount of expenditure on advertising will succeed in selling a faulty or worthless article. Advertising introduces the goods and it is the goods themselves which decide the purchaser to buy again. Thus, it would be sheer commercial insanity to brand and advertise goods that nobody would buy twice.

Advertising has conferred a second big advantage on the public. It has made goods cheaper to buy. It is not true that things would be cheaper if advertising expenditure was passed to the public in the form of price reductions. Money spent on advertising is an investment by the manufacturer. The return on the investment is invariably increased sales. Mass production allows for the supply of increased quantities of goods without a corresponding increase in price, and eventually permits of actual price reduction, after paying all advertising and manufacturing costs. We can all remember when a motor car was a more or less hand-made engineering job, costing many hundreds of pounds. To-day, because of persistent advertising and consequent increased demand, modern and much better cars are sold at a far lower price than ever before. The same applies to radio—in fact, to hundreds of other products.

Only reliable goods can stand up to public examination when twenty million people (including yourself) constitute the jury. That's why, if you purchase advertised goods, you can be sure that your money has been wisely spent—that the product you invest in is really trustworthy. Modern Advertising is your safeguard against the shoddy and the second-rate. No wonder it has been described as Public Servant No. 1.

And only reliable firms are allowed to advertise in "John Bull." Such an excellent safeguard as the "John Bull" Guarantee is an absolute preventative of any type of commercial fraud. Every reader of "John Bull" knows that he or she can buy products advertised therein in complete confidence. Particular care is taken to ensure that no reader suffers any loss or disappointment through any of the goods purchased through advertisements in "John Bull." The "John Bull" Gaurantee appears on page 27.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

MANACLED!

JAMES H. PATTERSON, of Coronation Street, Barnstaple, Devon, has been so disgracefully treated by the Barnstaple police that the Home Office has had to apologise to him.

On May 25 he was arrested in the street for non-payment of rates amounting to £1 17s 4d. He stood committed to prison for seven days unless he could find the money immediately.

Despite his protests, Mr. Patterson was later handcuffed to another prisoner.

Still manacled to the man, he was marched to the railway station, on the way to Exeter Jail.

The excuse given for this ignominy was that only one policeman was available at the time to escort the two prisoners to the jail.

And the handcuffs were not taken off his wrists, Mr Patterson says, until he was lodged in prison.

He was released on Friday—two days after his arrest—when his daughter, who works in London, sent the money.

Now the Home Office has expressed its regrets to Mr. Patterson that he should have been handcuffed.

The letter adds that the Chief Constable is being asked to take "all possible steps" to see that this does not happen again. So we should think!

Fantastic New Treasure Myth

WHO would imagine that there is still money to be obtained from the public for treasure hunting in the Pacific Ocean?

But Captain Charles W. A. Arthur, of up-and-down financial fortune, seems to imagine it.

From an address in Cromwell House, Fulwood Place, High Holborn, London, he is circularising shareholders in the old defunct company of Treasure Recovery, Ltd

Captain Arthur must be an incurable optimist. Because he was intimately connected with Treasure Recovery, Ltd., and knows how its unfortunate shareholders lost £40,000 in an expedition to discover the mythical buried treasure of the Cocos Islands.

Ample warnings about this firm were given in these columns, and the shareholders should certainly have known their inevitable fate in advance.

Well, Captain Arthur is beginning the treasure discovery "racket" all over again. And he has a new bait.

He has learned—according to his circulars—about another and previously unknown Cocos Island.

Now, this Cocos Island is the real thing. All the other expeditions have been fruitlessly exploring a wrong Cocos Island!

Captain Arthur has the supreme clue. It comes from:

"Two people—C——, a fitter, from Cork, and M——, a sailor in the coastal trade, from Sligo." Good for Ireland.

"M——'s father and C——'s uncle had served together as mate and carpenter of a Peruvian vessel. And both had formed part of this ship's company when she sailed in 1855, bound for an island then known as Cocos, with a cargo of treasure.

"The cargo having been deposited on this island, the vessel left, but was caught by a hurricane and foundered. The only survivors were M——'s father, C——'s uncle, and one coloured member of the crew."

Such is Captain Arthur's story.

The buried treasure, he asserts, is "the great Church treasure of Lima, of fabulous value."

So Captain Arthur proposes to go off to his new Cocos Island, and dig up the treasure of "fabulous value." He knows where the island is, and he claims to have official permission for investigation.

Naturally, he needs money for this self-imposed task. Plenty of money.

Already, he says, five thousand pounds have been placed at his disposal.

To get some more, he is touting the shareholders of the former Treasure Company.

"I must," he declares, "in fairness, give them the opportunity to share in it, as it (the information) came to me through my association as an employee of their Company. It may well compensate them for past disappointments."

Or it may not.

"The undertaking will be a strictly private one," he continues. "Members of the former Treasure Company, who may desire to contribute towards the cost, must do so on the clear understanding that such will be a personal matter between them and me. They will share pro-rata in the proceeds of the treasure recovered."

Isn't it kind of Captain Arthur to make that generous offer, when already he has a cool five thousand for the business on hand?

Contributions are to be sent to the Mineral Mining and Development Syndicate, Ltd

The syndicate is a purely "Arthur" company registered with a capital of £100—of which only two one-pound shares have been issued to Charles W. A. Arthur and Sloan M. Arthur.

I say that whoever entrusts money to Captain Arthur for his fantastic scheme deserves to lose it.

Capt. Charles W. A. Arthur

Women, Beware this Rogue

I WAS not surprised that Mr. Justice Bennett described Cyril William Binet as "a dishonest person who appears to have spent his time for some years imposing on the credulity of women."

The judge could not find that a widow who sued Binet paid him money expressly to buy automatic amusement machines for her.

But he had no doubt Binet had received other substantial sums.

Actually it was nearly £6,000, and it is only one instance of the way this scoundrel has duped women.

Well-dressed, very charming when it suits him, he has generally mixed declarations of love with appeals for money.

The widow who lost her action first saw him at Monte Carlo. Later he recognised her in a train and spoke to her.

Within a month he had obtained more than £800 for his business as an amusements caterer.

Soon the total reached nearly £6,000.

Binet, who has used various aliases, including Beresford Bennett, has always been very cunning.

Some years ago, though, he was trapped in Belgium.

There again his victim was a widow He told a fantastic story of money he needed to re-establish his large estates on the Russia-Poland frontier—and, at the same time, whispered his love for her.

Before she discovered that his great possessions were a myth and that he was married, she had parted with jewellery worth 100,000 francs and large sums of money.

He even embarked on the farce of pretending to take her to see his estates.

After making her comfortable in her seat in the train he went to buy papers. That was the last she saw of him until he was arrested and sent to prison for two years!

Shortly before this he had been sentenced in London to three months in the second division for obtaining money by false pretences.

He has in recent years been connected with all kinds of dubious concerns.

Mr. Justice Bennett mentioned cases where he had obtained £100 deposits from at least two people he arranged to employ and quickly dismissed. There have been others.

Twice bankrupt, he is still undischarged, yet contrives to be associated in some capacity with businesses involving large sums of money.

He has been married three times.

Women in particular should beware of him.

GOOD RIDDANCE

Sale by auction under distraint for rent and by instructions of the receiver for the first debenture holders.

This is the end of Lloyds (Dyers and Cleaners), Ltd., of Old Mills, Yeadon, near Leeds, the last despairing bluff of the big Yorkshire dry-cleaning ramp which I exposed.

I hope that in whatever guise they may appear again no one will be hoodwinked by the blandishments of Clifford Moore and George A. Fearndale, two of the men who have been most prominent in the whole wretched business.

I am still keeping my eye on both of them.

Hotel Pests

TWO men are calling at hotels and public-houses and posing as Excise inspectors.

Just say "Excise" very officiously, and when they find that liquor has not been entered in the books within twenty-four hours of delivery, as required by law, they talk seriously of having to report the omission—unless it's made worth their while to overlook it.

Number of hotel managers and publicans have paid money without taking the elementary step of asking the men to produce their authority.

The police are on their track.

Bogus Parsons Round-Up

BOGUS clergymen are increasing alarmingly throughout the country.

Scotland Yard and provincial police are constantly receiving complaints of their activities in collecting subscriptions from the public in all kinds of ways.

Recently it was found that five crooks, all wearing clerical clothes, were in one gang and shared the very large sums they obtained.

Many of the societies which these masquerading parsons profess to represent do not even exist. Those which do are often charities in name only; their "headquarters" consist of one room or are merely accommodation addresses.

The poor children they say they are going to clothe or take to the seaside seldom, if ever, receive any help.

All the money is taken by these mean rogues. During the last few years many thousands of pounds have vanished into their pockets.

Now the police are carrying out a new and close scrutiny of every charity collecting organisation about which there is the slightest doubt.

You may expect interesting developments.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

This week £1 1s. has been awarded to a Leeds reader who does not wish her name to be published.

She was alert in sending me new information about a concern whose activities I have been investigating.

FOR SMALL TRADERS. SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.
Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 asstd. articles, 10/-. 48 cups, 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

EASY MONEY CAN BE EARNED SELLING DRAPERY. Send p.c. for Illus. Wholesale Catlgs. —ARCHERS 42/48, Castle Gate, Nottingham.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR CREDIT Traders, Shopkeepers and Beginners. Send for free illus. Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods.—Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., LTD., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENTS Wtd. Estonian Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest comm. No outlay. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Drapery, Toys, Cigs., etc. Wines for Agents. Send for Catalogue and partics.—Eatons (Dept. "E.A."), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS. Big commission. No outlay. Handsome Free Gift. Big Cash Prizes. Beautifully illustrated Catalogue Free. F. J. TATE, 24, Neville Street, Leeds. 1

AGENTS WANTED—LARGEST CASH COMMISSION. Lovely presents to all Agents. Also special present value 4 gns. Monstre Art Catalogue, illustrating nearly 2,000 lines of Household Goods, Cutlery, Jewellery, Drapery, Toys, Dolls, etc. All leading Chocolate lines. Catalogue supplied free. Send to-day to DENNIS & CO., Dept. 72, Colne, Lancs.

TEA Agents wtd. in all districts. Excellent profits. No experience required. Send for details to Sealon Tea Co., Dept. J.B., Mitcham, Surrey.

AGENTS wanted for easiest and simplest Xmas Club. Big cash profits. Free Gifts. Huge coloured art catalogue of chocolates, toys, fancy goods, wines, etc. No outlay. Start earning right away. Free outfit and particulars from Shield Xmas Club (Dept. 14), Bradford.

5/6 FREE GIFT TO AGENTS forming Xmas Clubs. For details, Catalogue, etc., write BRIGONIA (B.), EAST PARADE, BRADFORD.

XMAS Club Agents wanted. Highest Comm. A Square Deal Guaranteed.—Write for 236-page Cat. Terms. Free Gifts.—Humberside Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 60), Wright Street, Hull.

XMAS CLUBS. HIGHEST COMMISSION IN TRADE. Cadbury, Terry, Rowntree, Players, Wills, etc. Huge range Toys, Fancy Goods, Xmas GIFT every agent. BIG CASH BONUS. P.c. brings Wonderful Catalogue & Comm. Terms. —Midland Confectionery (Dept. 43), Shipley.

XMAS CLUB Agents wanted. Chocs., Cigs. Everything. Huge Catlg. Largest Cash Comm. Dozen Razor Blades, Ladies' Mending Case Free Every Applicant. EMBASSY, Dept. 11, Brighouse.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Famous "MISTLETOE" SERIES. Agents wanted, either sex. Biggest Commission offered. Also prizes. Book free.—OWEN'S, 6, Chapel St., Bradford.

RAWLINGS CLUBS, LTD., calling all AGENTS to write for 1938 236-page Art Catalogue. Highest Commission, and we Guarantee all our goods. Free Gifts to Agents. Note new address, 314, ST. GEORGE'S RD., HULL.
"The Firm that never lets you down."

CHRISTMAS Club Agents wanted for the eldest, largest and best club. New catalogue now ready. Over 1,000 articles. No outlay. Excellent comm. Free gift to every applicant for parties.—Samuel Driver, Ltd., Marshall Street, Leeds.

A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. REMARKABLE NOVELTIES AND CARDS OF EXTRAORDINARY VARIETY FOR ALL TASTES. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER - GETTER PUBLISHED. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES.—WRITE, STEWARTS, Dept. A., BALMORAL WORKS, BLACKBURN.

THE ACE OF CLUBS PAID £7,200 to Spare-time Xmas Club Agents in 1937. Get your share for 1938 (MACCO. Guld.). Details free. Austin Davis, Dept. 21, Regent-st., Sheffield, 1.

XMAS AGENTS—£8 Cash Prizes. Lovely Free Gifts. Secret Consolation Prizes. Tip-Top Commissions. Finest quality lines by famous makers. No outlay. Catalogue and particulars free.—Marvel Gift Club, Thorpe, Wakefield.

A BEAUTIFUL FREE GIFT awaits every Agent for the FAMOUS "VICTORIA" Private Christmas Cards. LOVELY NEW SERIES now ready contains BIG RANGE OF NEAT & BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, WITH MANY STRIKING FEATURES IN MAJOLICA, TAPESTRY, ART WOOD, NOVELTY YACHT, BLOTTERS, DIARIES, SUPERB CALENDARS, etc. BRITAIN'S LARGEST XMAS CARD EXPERTS offer you this REMARKABLE BOOK FREE. Unbeatable commission and prizes.
JONES, WILLIAMS & CO.,
Dept. 62,
VICTORIA WORKS, PRESTON.

EMPLOYMENT.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.
Men with some mechanical knowledge or of good education required for enlistment and training as FLIGHT MECHANICS or FLIGHT RIGGERS. Age limit 17½ to 28. Write or call. —R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 837), 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

AIR FORCE.—Young men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE. Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult. For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 861), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE.—Thousands of pensionable appointments made every year, ages 18-34. Our tuition fees from £4 4s. No extra charge for monthly payments. Full particulars free.—Dept. C.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE: 10s. per line of approximately six words. Minimum charge 30s.

ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourselves into a Key Position and make your future solid. It needs Technical Training; we can give you that by post. Full particulars free.—Dept. D.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

POLICE RECRUITS HANDBOOK for 1938 (FREE).—Contains information on pay prospects and entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-23) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 862), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the police. Study at home in your spare time. Special courses for Entrance and Promotion. Full particulars or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, FREE. Dept. A.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES (both sexes), aged 15 to 23; no experience. For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 851), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO AND MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY, there are lots of vacancies. Our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

SHEET METAL WORKERS wanted everywhere. Now is your chance to get into a Key Position. Our Postal Course will make you efficient. Particulars free.—Dept. S.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

IS YOUR NOSE WORTH 6D.

IS it worth 6d. to be able to breathe freely?—able to taste?—able to smell?—to be free from continual Head Colds?—to be saved from the relentless grip of insidious Catarrh?

Get a 6d. tin of 'Mentholatum' from your Chemist. Use this remarkable, penetrative, antiseptic breathable salve as directed. In 30 seconds you will experience amazing relief, and after a short treatment you will gain the upper-hand over your Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold troubles. Get your 6d. tin of 'Mentholatum' to-day — use some to-night—and feel better to-morrow.

(Pronounce it MEN-THO-LAY-TUM)

MENTHOLATUM
BRAND BALM

Also sold in 1/3 jars and tubes, containing more than three times the quantity in the 6d. size

Stops The Attack Or Money Back

REPORTERS and Journalists are wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

THE CIVIL SERVICE offers thousands of vacancies carrying high salaries, short hours, complete security and excellent pensions on retirement. Our new handbook "CIVIL SERVICE OPPORTUNITIES," outlines the openings in all branches of the Service (Clerical, Customs, Taxes, Post Office, Engineering, L.C.C., etc.), explains the duties and salaries and how to enter on our "NO POST—NO FEE" terms. Experience is not required. If you are between 15 and 23 (either sex) and wish for a safe, progressive post, send for this invaluable guide to-day—FREE.—B.T.I. (Dept. 863), Avon House, 356-366, Oxford St., W.1.

MEN who can handle tools "Wood or Metal" wanted as TEACHERS OF HANDICRAFTS in the Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence Course will fit you for an appointment. Advice on all Careers FREE.—Dept. E.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—Billheads from 3/6 1,000; other lines cheap.—Samples Free with leaflets, "Business Helps."—Cretcway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 3d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 13, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPER SALE. Bargain Pattern Books Post Free. Britain's Best Value.—J. B. Bruce & Hall, Frederick St., South Shields.

WALLPAPERS for Householders and traders from 3d. 250 patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

MORE CASH FOR POULTRY-KEEPERS. Make bigger profits from your poultry NOW by getting the new revised 1938 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book, now on sale. Packed with valuable information. NEARLY 400 PAGES deal with every poultry problem—essential help for beginners and experts alike. Send a 2/6 P.O. TO-DAY to the "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

KEEP CHICKENS.—Amazing NEW Plan for Poultry-Keepers. Here's an opportunity not to be missed . . . a great new money-saving plan for all interested in poultry! Whether you keep a few fowls in the garden or you farm on an extensive scale, be sure to write for details of a remarkable scheme that will save you POUNDS. Don't delay—send a postcard NOW to Poultry-Keeper's Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.4, 62, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GARDENING.

NEW PORTABLE BUILDINGS, all shapes and sizes, in Deal, Cedar and Elm.—List (J.B.) Free.—Alberts, 187, Brixton Hill, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (520M.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE Sample of CEPHOS, the Safe and Certain Physician's Remedy for Colds, Headaches, Neuralgia and Rheumatism. In Powder or Tablet form. Does not affect the heart. Send p.c. to CEPHOS, Ltd. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

RUPTURE.—New Super Hernia Appliance. Very Latest, Sure, Safe.—Write, F. E. Fricker, Rupture Expert, 34, Manchester Road, Bradford.

CATARRH Sufferers! Get particulars of Mr. Allan Cooper's special offer. So confident is he of the efficacy of his remedy for Catarrh, Head Noises, Hay Fever and Catarrhal Deafness that sufferers are offered a trial under guarantee. Without cost or obligation write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Mr. Allan Cooper, 60, Strand, London, W.C.2, for full particulars of the offer.

A HAPPY baby means a happy mother. An interesting book entitled "Every Mother's Baby" can be obtained free if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.O.W. Pennings' children's powders have been famous for over 70 years. They are best and safest for children cutting their teeth. Write for your copy of "Every Mother's Baby," which will be sent to you free.

FREE to sufferers from hair troubles! A testing package of Kotalko, which has been bringing new hair to thousands of men and women of all ages, and Kotalko soap, with directions, will be sent to any reader who fills in the coupon on page 23 and encloses 3d. in stamps. Or if you prefer, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 9, Percy Street (53K.B.), London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—A. A. LEWIS, 22, TIB LANE, MANCHESTER, 2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

ACCEPT this free offer. A sample tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste will be sent to all readers who write to Dept. 67, 212, Euthymol, 80, Beak Street, London, W.1. Ensure Dental Hygiene by writing for this free trial tube now.

HAVE you ever tried Bulmer's Cider? It is an excellent drink, made by the largest Cider makers in the world from the juice of fine apples, which quenches your thirst and assists digestion. It is not expensive, either. A flagon costs only 10½d. (in England and Wales only).

HAVE you yet tried the 30-second breakfast? Serve Kellogg's, the delicious breakfast cereal, and see how much time it saves you. The family will like the crisp, fresh corn flakes. They're economical, too—a big family packet costs only 8½d.

FREE.—The makers of Robin Starch have published an interesting little booklet, "A Little Bird Told Me." It tells you how easy and economical starching can be. It is offered free to all *John Bull* readers. Every housewife ought to have a copy. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 616, Hull.

A SPENCER Maternity Belt is individually designed for the wearer to relieve Back-Strain and Headaches, etc. Thousands of women have maintained their health and strength by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt. They give complete comfort and support. Spencer Maternity Belts are recommended by over 20,000 Doctors throughout the world.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon., for Maternity Booklet and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

ACCEPT this free sample offer. Send a penny postcard to Odol (Dept. J.B.22) and a free trial sample of this famous dentifrice will be sent to you by return. All those interested in the care of the teeth should try Odol, the safe toothpaste.

BATHING suits are even briefer this year. "Shorts" are shorter still. And ugly hair growth shows up more than ever! You simply must get rid of it COMPLETELY to avoid embarrassment and enjoy unconcerned freedom of movement. Happily, a famous chemist has discovered a remarkable new cream which positively removes every trace of hair without odour, and leaves the skin satin-soft and velvety-smooth. It is sold under the trade mark NEW "Veet." No one can tell that hair has ever grown where it has been removed by this dainty, sweetly-scented cream. Just apply the cream direct on to the offending part. Wait 3 minutes (it works as quickly as that), wash off—and seeing is believing—every trace of hair is gone! No more bristly razor stubble and coarse regrowth for YOU. This way "creams" away superfluous hair, safely and gently. You can obtain this odourless cream depilatory from all good chemists, hairdressers and stores, price 6d. (trial size); full sizes, 1/3 and 2/6. See page 23.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filkey, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Sinister 'Healer' Must be Shunned

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' SPECIAL DOSSIER (Contd.)

THE person responsible for your misfortunes will be the first to pass your gate in the morning.

A North Devon farmer whose cattle were dying mysteriously was given this sinister warning by a herbalist whose so-called magic healing had become a legend in the neighbourhood.

Next morning the first man to pass the gate was one of the farmer's oldest friends. From that moment an almost feud-like aloofness divided the two families.

Ill-fortune still dogged the farmer, and one morning he was found hanged in his barn.

The herbalist, a man named Pugsley, was once a labourer and jobbing gardener.

Now he sells his herbs and pills in the market place at Holsworthy, North Devon.

Often, too, he travels over a wide area, visiting people at their farmsteads.

In all cases he prescribes herbs or pills, but those who believe in him imagine they are receiving the benefit of some strange magic powers he is supposed to possess.

* * *

"I can tell what is the matter with you by looking into your eyes," he has told a number of people.

Generally, too, he professes that they have been "ill-wished."

In various cases brought to my notice this charlatan, alarmed by the condition of men and women he pretended to treat, advised that a doctor should be called.

By then valuable time had been lost and the doctors had a much greater task in restoring health.

It was not that the worthless herbs and pills had caused any actual harm so much as that proper medical attention was needed the moment the first symptoms of the illness were revealed.

Equally mischievous is the promise of a cure in cases pronounced hopeless after the best medical advice.

This has happened to a domestic servant whose aged parents were advised by friends to seek the help of Pugsley.

While working at Bude she was suddenly stricken with spinal disease. Her doctor arranged for a specialist to see her.

She was moved to a Plymouth hospital, but after everything possible had been done the doctors had to say that a cure was impossible.

* * *

She was lying at home helpless when friends talked of the wonderful things Pugsley was supposed to do. In despair, the parents asked him to examine their daughter.

He held out ridiculous hopes, prescribed his herbs and pills, and called to see her about once a week.

This went on for two years, each visit costing 6s. or 4s. In addition, 4s. was charged for every box of pills or packet of herbs.

In the end the parents realised the absurdity of the whole business and told Pugsley they did not want anything more to do with him.

One man who had gone to the herbalist and was told that someone was "ill-wishing" him took the herbs with pathetic faith.

When eventually a doctor was called he was found to be suffering from cancer in an advanced stage.

He died.

* * *

Doctors in North Devon are now seriously perturbed by Pugsley's activities.

There is grave danger of people who believe his impudent claims not obtaining proper medical advice until it is too late to save their lives.

I cannot too strongly warn everyone against people like Pugsley, and, meantime, I hope the authorities will keep an eye on him.

Mr. W. F. Bradley was caused much distress and annoyance.

Outrageous Police Hunt Blunder

STRANGE things can happen to Britons abroad—even in the most friendly of countries.

Witness the unfortunate experience of Mr. W. F. Bradley, well-known British journalist, resident in Paris, and a regular correspondent to JOHN BULL.

Mr. Bradley, who has lived in France for many years, was recently away from his home on a motoring tour. Telephoning to his wife one night, he learned that a posse of police were encamped before his house.

They were demanding him for expulsion from France.

Bailiffs were also there endeavouring to enter and seize his goods and chattels to satisfy an unpaid fine of 11,000 fr. imposed on a "W. F. Bradley"—in his absence—by the Cannes court.

* * *

Vainly Mrs. Bradley protested that some mistake must have been made; the police would not be satisfied.

Imagine the distress of this Englishwoman in a Paris suburb, with her husband away and police and court officers besieging her home!

A message for help was sent to the British Consulate. The reply came back, "We can do nothing in the matter. You had better consult a French lawyer."

So a French lawyer was consulted. And he replied, "I can do nothing in the matter. You had better consult your British Consulate."

With this strange mix-up facing him, Mr. Bradley dashed back home, to be pounced on by the police. End of a man-hunt!

Then he learned that he was a Canadian confidence trickster. Not only had he been fined and ordered deportation, but there was a sentence of five years in prison to be served.

* * *

Protests on the spot were vain. Mr. Bradley was taken before "higher authority."

Whereupon higher authority declared, "This is not the man we want."

Apologies followed—poor consolation for distress and annoyance.

Such a police error was inexcusable. Because all foreign residents in France must deposit their photographs with the police.

Mr. Bradley's photograph was therefore in police possession. A comparison of that photograph with the photograph of the elusive confidence trickster would have at once shown the police they were wrong, and would have saved the outrageous siege of the Bradley residence.

DRIVEN TO DESPAIR

IN spite of the strongest evidence that his present serious ill-health is due to a war wound, Mr. John M. Stewart, of Wren's Avenue, Ashford, Middlesex, cannot obtain a penny from the Ministry of Pensions.

He was wounded three times; a Turkish bullet at Gallipoli caused the disability that now makes life a misery to him.

Eating and drinking are an ordeal.

"I cannot even enjoy the pictures," he says, "because I am unable to sit down anywhere for long."

Mr. Stewart still struggles at a job which brings him a small wage. But he fears he will not be able to carry on much longer.

His Regular Army career began in 1897, and he was awarded the Military Medal.

At the end of the War he did not apply for a disability pension because he was receiving a small service pension of 2s. 7d. a day.

He thought he would be able to manage, so he commuted a part of the pension and went to Canada, where he bought a boarding house.

Soon the effect of that first wound at Gallipoli made itself felt. He had two operations in quick succession. The boarding house was sold, and he worked for a time as an orderly in a hospital.

At last he returned to England.

* * *

Doctors who had attended him had no hesitation in stating that his condition was due to the bullet wound in his stomach at Gallipoli.

All this testimony was sent to the Ministry of Pensions. But his claim was turned down!

His son is apparently anxious to join the Army. "What shall I tell him?" he asks.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

MORTON AND COMPANY, of 25, Clapham Road, London, S.W., whose capital-finding offers have often been criticised by me, are now apparently in the debt-collecting racket.

This side of their business is run under the name of The British and Colonial Credit Protection Offices, of the same address.

One tradesman was told that their total charge for successful collections would be 2s. 6d. in the £. After long delay, he has just received 5s. out of £1 10s. 10d. collected!

Commission at the rate of 2s. 6d. in the £ was 2s. 7d., and there was a charge of £1 3s. 3d. for "postage, stationery, wants, arrangements, delays, etc. . . ."

He Fishes for Doctors—

ANOTHER capital-finder about whom I am still receiving complaints is A. E. Colbourn, now in New Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

He is trying to fling his fee-catching net round doctors anxious to buy practices. One who has written to me had just paid a preliminary fee of £5 5s. when he saw my last warning. "Anyway," he says, "you saved me from losing further money I was being asked to pay."

Colbourn has been three times bankrupt and was only recently released from jail.

And these are Human Sharks—

THE song, lyric and author-publisher sharks are busy again.

Steps have been taken to prevent their advertisements appearing in the newspapers, but I expect some will get through. So be on your guard.

In many cases, people who send novels or short stories are asked for a fee to cover publication costs. Or, in the case of lyrics, to pay the cost of musical setting. Often the advertiser, composer and publisher are closely associated.

Reputable firms do not ask authors to pay these costs.

He's the "Open-Window" Thief—

YOUNG rogue, with a string of aliases, including "Rogers," "Stamford," "Pugh" and "Robson," is the open-window thief.

He watches houses and enters when everyone seems to be out, always choosing those with a window open.

Has been busy in Reading district, and more recently at Wanstead, Woodford and Chingford.

Don't leave your windows open when you go out.

But this Master Gets a Lesson

GEOFFREY DOWLING-KIMBER, one of the most energetic masters of the charity-collecting art, has just been sent to prison at Rochester for three months for cheque frauds.

It will be a welcome relief for people who are being constantly pestered with his schemes. He is always full of ideas of the most flamboyant type, and always he has wanted somebody else's money to put them into operation.

He is the man who once tried to start a million pennies fund for some alleged char[illegible]

SEE! ANOTHER MAN SAVES PENNIES, COLLECTS £5,000,000!!!

Read this amazing true story reprinted as it stands from the DAILY EXPRESS July 7th, 1938 . . .

HE MADE £5,000,000 BUT NOBODY KNEW

Daily Express Staff Reporter

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

MAURICE CURRAN, fifty years ago a penniless immigrant from Ireland, has left a fortune of more than £5,000,000 —made out of safety razor blades—it was revealed today. Curran died recently at Andover, Massachusetts.

Wealth came to him because he always saved. When he got his first job behind the counter of a grocery store in Palmer (Massachusetts), he put away a few pennies every week.

Then he became a wool sorter in a textile mill and put away a few shillings every week.

Finally he had saved enough to invest. His investments were successful.

When safety razors began to replace the open razors he sold his holdings and put every penny into a razor blade company.

As the company's principal stockholder he made his millions.

Yet nobody suspected that the man who spoke [illegible] and lived simply [illegible] of the largest [illegible] England.

In his will [illegible] and a third [illegible] the remainder [illegible] three daughters.

MEN OF BRITAIN! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

You could be putting aside 2/1 every week NOW!

YOU TOO could make your fortune—make those money-making ideas of yours come TRUE—if only you could get STARTED. You only need a tiny bit of capital — after that, working hard in your own business — the sky's the limit! (See above!) Why wait? Here's the way you can start RIGHT NOW, piling up 2/1d. every week—over 8/- a month—FREE!

If you smoke 30 'ten-for-sixpennies' a day—most men do—you simply switch over to the new full-size, big, fat, cool, refreshing PLUS TWO cigarettes—every bit as big and good as the best 'ten-for-sixpennies'—and TWO SHILLINGS AND ONE PENNY goes rattling into your money-box *regular* every Saturday! Here's how it's done—you buy *cigarettes only* when you buy PLUS TWO'S, you don't pay for fancy frills and wrappings—and that's why you get TWO MORE full-size cigarettes for your tanner. When you open the big 11½d. packet, there's *four extra* full-size cigarettes waiting to be lit!

SAVE—yet get cigarettes every bit as big and as good—thanks to NO FRILL packing!

Remember—only a full-size cigarette can give you a *full-flavour* smoke. *We have lodged a sworn testimony with the Westminster Bank Ltd.—that only pure and unadulterated tobacco of the finest crops is used in PLUS TWO'S.* So it's not a chance you're taking—it's a winner—a cert—a natural! Cash in on it; get your first packet of PLUS TWO'S and start piling up this terrific Cash Bonus saving—NOW!

Full size

PLUS TWO CIGARETTES

Every bit as big and as good-packed without frills —save you MONEY!

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED, LONDON, ENGLAND

ALSO CORK TIPPED—BLUE BOXES

Scientists play childish games for days on end—to help us all

FOR the past year or two a number of scientists have been playing with a toy tube railway.

The carriages are perfect models in miniature of the real thing. So is the electrical track on which they run, the stations and the tunnels they pass.

Sometimes they take up the track and lay it on a different "bed." The controls will stop the little train suddenly at a station (often with a genuine squeak of brakes) or let it go hurtling through.

This toy would be a joy to drive for any boy of five or fifty who is interested in railways, and a sight to make him green with envy. Perhaps the scientists have had a lot of fun out of it, too.

Certainly they have obtained information which is going to "silence" London's Underground within a couple of years and make a world of difference to the comfort of millions of passengers.

The work has already begun on several lines. The toy railway showed them dozens of tricks for cutting down noise.

"Bedding" the track with asbestos, sealing the line joints, modifying the streamlining at the carriage ends, altering the fabric and the stuffing of the seats, sound-proofing floors are just a few of the dodges they learned for cutting out din and echo.

TOYS solve WORLD PROBLEMS!

Only a toy—but its tricks in the Teddington wind tunnel will make safer the journeys of real air liners

TOYS and apparently childish games are helping scientists to solve countless big problems for industry, helping to make the world a better and safer place to live in.

At the Building Research Station, Watford, experts have been playing at sand-pies for many months.

Some are family men. Have they been keeping their daily occupation a secret from their families? Perhaps it wouldn't do to let the children who are off to school know that father is going to have a pleasant day making sand-pies!

But that's what they have been doing. They began in the usual way with a nice little bucket and spade and found out first what every child knows—that a little water in the sand helps to make a firmer pie.

Then they wanted to know just how much water and what kind of sand produces the firmest kind of pie. That enquiry occupied several pleasant weeks.

But they wanted to know more facts. Tired of patting individual bucketsful, they invented another gadget, a mass-production pie-maker, which should go over big at the seaside if somebody bought the rights for it.

Roughly, it is three buckets or cylinders one over the other. You shovel your sand into the top bucket. When filled, it drops through to the others, becoming firmer on the way.

Out of this jolly game of sand-pies has come a knowledge which will save tens of thousands of pounds to the ratepayer and the builder. The knowledge of the precise kind of sand "aggregate" to be mixed with concrete to give us better roads and surfaces, more durable and less expensive buildings.

MOST people visualise the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington as a place of austere silence where solemn professors spend their time peering into delicate instruments and making abstruse calculations.

The instruments and the figuring are there, of course. But mostly they are applied to gadgets which would be best-sellers in any toy shop or fun fair.

There is Tin Lizzie, for example. Tin Lizzie is the front portion of a motor car, complete with steering wheel, clutch, accelerator and brakes. But just in front of where the windscreen should be is a cinema screen.

You get into the front seat and out go the lights in the room. Press the accelerator and Lizzie starts up with all the noise of a real car. A night road, projected on the cinema screen, begins to flash past. You can control the speed with the accelerator or steer from side to side.

It is a complete illusion of travelling.

You can see ahead down the road at approaching obstacles. Cyclists pop out from side turnings, pedestrians bob ghostily up near your kerb-side. You run from patches of light to shadow, from concrete to macadam surfaces, glistening wet or dry, and from street-lined sections to open road.

There's enough fun and thrill in driving Lizzie to be worth anybody's shilling at a fun fair.

But Lizzie has a very serious and great purpose.

She is helping the scientists to reduce road casualties, providing the research workers with material which may help to stop the mad chaos of different lighting systems and road surfaces which produce about 20,000 road accidents a year.

Another pastime at Teddington is filling balloons and flying them. They have had a lot of fun filling the envelopes with everything from ordinary breath to rare light gases and releasing them in all kinds of weather.

Beginning with the type that will just bounce against the parlour ceiling, they have evolved a toy balloon which will ascend about five miles high, carrying an assorted stock of instruments.

At the height limit it will burst. A parachute will open and carry down the recording instruments. From that information we shall know what the weather conditions are like in the stratosphere all the year round.

That balloon flying game is blazing the trail for air routes of the *near* future.

Only a couple of years hence, passenger machines will be flying more than 300 miles an hour at heights above Everest. Toy balloons, like those you use at Christmas parties, will have made it possible.

ANOTHER day, if you went to the Teddington laboratories, you might find a man shouting almost incomprehensible nonsense down an iron pipe—phrases like "The Queen of China always eats well-stewed spaghetti."

The pipe-line runs through various rooms in what looks like—and is—a wonderful doll's-house.

If you saw the puzzled frown on the face of the man at the other end you might think it was some new kind of guessing game.

And so it is.

But it is a game which has solved one of the snags in multiple flat building—the eerie gurgling which waterpipe networks make.

To-day, whether it is in Park Lane or in one of the new blocks of workmen's flats, the pipes are lined with rubber.

A simple remedy to lay ghosts at night—but it works.

ANOTHER toy is a robot ear which can hear the most remarkable things. It is a combination of wireless valves and Rochelle salt crystals, the whole no bigger than a cigar-box.

But it can hear a fly champing its teeth, and a piece of paper rustling sounds like Niagara Falls.

With the aid of that interesting toy—and it is a toy, because a watch ticking ten yards away sounds like a barrage on the Western Front—an instrument has been made which will save tons of money for the Forestry Services and for ancient buildings.

Simply place the ear-cup on a piece of timber and you can hear what is going on inside.

A piece of insect-infested wood can be detected at once, even from the egg stage. The death-watch beetle and his pals haven't a chance.

DOZENS more toys amuse the scientists. Lindbergh, the Atlantic flyer, made a glass man that pumps food through anything placed inside it. Alexis Carrel, one of the greatest physiologists in the world, is using this toy to find out the causes of old age.

Little steamers face terrific man-made waves and gales on tanks in Teddington so that ships can speed more safely and the lives of seamen and passengers be more secure.

At the War Office and Admiralty, staff officers play a "war game" with toy soldiers, ships, and ordnance.

They lie prone on their tummies and move their mock forces over contour models representing sea and land. And often, we hope, they learn a lot.

"Mother's House"

ALL over the country doctors and social workers are launching a powerful drive for safer motherhood because:

One mother dies for every 243 babies born in England.

One mother dies for every 178 babies born in Scotland.

Ante-natal clinics have increased from 1,100 in 1930 to more than 1,500 to-day.

But many more are needed, and experts have now turned to co-ordination of the existing maternity, pre-natal and post-natal services as the surest method of saving lives.

Co-ordination will be achieved in the ideal maternity clinic—to be known as "Mother's House"—which will be shown for the first time when Woman's Fair and Exhibition opens at Olympia on November 2.

Qualified nurses and experts in every phase of maternity and child welfare will be in attendance at Olympia.

"Mother's House" will show the hundreds of thousands of visitors to the Fair what the maternity clinic of the future will be like.

Louis Golding, famous novelist, indicts the social system which denies work to the young offender, leaves him—

BRANDED

ONE sentence, and after that—no chance.

I want to put before the readers of JOHN BULL a problem of crime and criminal courts.

A number of cases come up each year of offenders, women as well as men, who are caught in the machinery of the law.

Because they have made one serious blunder, for which they have suffered the due punishment, they have no further opportunity of rehabilitation throughout the whole of their lives.

This "no chance" with which first offenders are often confronted is a grave blot on our social system.

A particular instance of this injustice has been brought lately to my notice. It worries me considerably. Because I know all the facts—those before the conviction and after.

John Coatley (as I will call him) is the victim. I fear there are a great many John Coatleys in Britain to-day. That is why I speak out.

Coatley is a young fellow of about twenty-two. He hails from a tough provincial city which I will call Wisborough, and has served a sentence of twelve months in prison.

I will not be sentimental about it, as he himself is not. He did his job and was punished for it.

Poor Man's Law

Yet, so that you may see the case in its true perspective, I must add this:

He had never been in prison before, excepting for one night he had spent in a cell for being drunk and disorderly.

That has happened to a great many young fellows, both better and worse than Coatley. And when I remember the antics of my undergraduate friends in Oxford, I am not at all certain there isn't one law for the rich and one for the poor.

But I am not going to say that the court at Wisborough should have remanded him or should have given him a smaller sentence.

Crime School

What I want to make clear is that Coatley was definitely not of the criminal type before he committed his crime, and is not of the criminal type now, although he has served twelve months in prison. And that's saying a good deal.

He may have known something about criminal methods before going to jail, but there is nothing he does not know about them to-day. It is all at his finger-tips.

How to smuggle dope. How to get girls over from the Continent and to South America. How to make false money. What houses to burgle. Where to find the good fences who will dispose of the goods.

It is all they talk about, so how should he fail to develop a considerable scholarship on the subject? Yet he wishes to go straight, with a pathetic and frightening intensity.

● All the forces of Society are arrayed against the man who once breaks the law.

No chance of work. No chance of going straight.

No chance of anything—except the temptation to slip into crime again just to get food and shelter.

Liable to arrest on "suspicion" wherever he goes. Forced to break up his home, maybe; to drag wife and young children into degradation and despair!

Should there not be, demands Louis Golding, an organisation of employers who will take a risk? Who will save young men from becoming enemies of Society against their will?

I am ready to swear to his fundamental decency.

There are vast reserves of loyalty, of honour, left untapped in him, coated over with an anti-social scum of resentment and cynicism.

Now listen to what has happened. He served his sentence and came out, to try to live a normal, decent life again among his fellows in Wisborough. Was he allowed to? He was not.

The whole force of Society seemed arrayed against him.

If he tried to get a job and owned up to his sentence there was not a shadow of hope for him. If he got by without owning up, his employers got to know quickly enough, and he was ignominiously pitched out.

Who can blame them? I, for one, cannot. Had he not concealed from them an extremely important fact? How could they fail to pitch him out?

You see how the vicious circle goes round and round!

But it was the police that got him down.

Hounded

Whenever a "job" was done, the police would sally forth and give Coatley a hauling-over (though I understand it is very difficult for them not to when they are stumped).

If they did not try to fasten it down on him they insisted he knew who the perpetrators were.

It got to the point when Coatley's own mother begged him to leave home. The neighbours were tough enough, but they were not pleasant about the very frequent police visits.

And it was demoralising to the other Coatleys, boys and girls. Coatley went.

He joined the great army of vagrants on the road. He slept in an occasional doss-house, in a hay-rick, under a hedge.

He got to London. He joined the other down-and-outs at the Night Office on the Embankment, or in the crypt of St. Martin's.

Now and again it rose to a bed in Rowton House, if he had met some kind coster who let him push a barrow up a hill. But often he could only tramp the streets all night, hour upon hour, and rest his weary feet in Hyde Park when the gates opened.

Did I say he joined the other "down-and-outs"? I used the wrong word. He is not "down-and-out" yet.

He is making a desperate fight of it, because of some quality which distinguished him from many of the "wide boys" who have come out of prison and don't care a damn if they go back next week, so long as they have a good time in between.

What is that quality? I would be hard put to it to define it. I suggested before it might be an innate decency. But that is not enough.

There must be a sort of intelligence the "wide boys" do not share with him, however much cleverer they may be in other ways. He is intelligent enough to realise not only that Society must be the upper dog, but also that it **ought** to be.

Hope Lives On

He wants to get there, if it will take him on. But it won't.

Yet he hopes on. It is because he still hopes that he is not really a down-and-out, that his place is not really in the crypt of St. Martin's.

"Sorry," says the employer, "but I'm told you've been in jail. I can't keep you on"

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But who will redeem him from it? Door after door is slammed in his face. The world does not want him.

And all the time criminal voices whisper to him from dark doorways and from under the newspapers of park benches. Innumerable figures curl out towards him like tendrils. The breath of it rises in his nostrils like the stupefying seduction of the poppy.

"Come in with us," the voices murmur. "They don't want you, but we do. It is so hard out there, so easy here. And if they put you inside now and again, who cares? It wasn't so hard last time, was it? And you do get free board and lodging, don't you?"

How long can he and the other

Coatleys stand out? Who is going to help them?

You will mention the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, the court probation officers. I know of the good work they do, but their net is too wide to embrace the Coatleys.

A friend of mine spoke to a police officer about this business the other day, remembering that he has helped more than one lame dog over a stile.

The reply was he did not feel disposed to do anything, seeing that so many fellows who had not got into trouble wanted work.

Doesn't that misunderstand the whole situation? Doesn't the whole of Society, however clumsily it does it, back up the efforts of the blameless young man to find work?

Workless

At the same time, doesn't it do all it can to prevent the other fellow from finding work? Isn't it only people with special sympathy and knowledge from whom he can hope for help?

The police certainly have that special knowledge. It seems to me that one should be able to rely on them for the special sympathy.

Isn't it as important a job for the police to prevent a relapse into further criminality as to prevent the original crime?

Since my interest was aroused in John Coatley I have made other enquiries, with results that provide overwhelming evidence for my main contention.

Do you realise this—that in Glasgow there is a unique club of "First Offenders"?

At the moment there are nine members. They are all youngish men who have suffered one term of imprisonment. They find it impossible for any one of them to get honourable employment because of their record.

Brave Band

So they have banded themselves together into a tiny organisation for mutual aid. Should any member offend again he is at once disbarred from all benefits of the club.

Bravely the club is working, doing its combined best for its individual members.

But, after all, that sort of co-operation between men who have erred against Society and have been punished by Society should not be necessary. **Society should help them.**

Then I see that in London a man who cannot possibly get work because he has behind him a prison sentence has advertised himself as an ex-convict.

With other first offenders who have been in prison he has issued a circular which says:

"Owing to loss of character we

Liable to arrest just for looking innocently at a car

are unable to obtain employment. We ask you to help us try to get a living by letting us have any old clothes, furniture, rags or lumber. By doing this you are keeping us out of prison again, and helping us to build up our character."

Yet all the men in that ramshackle oddment business are skilled craftsmen whose work might be valuable.

They must peddle for old clothes and junk just because they cannot get work at their trades.

They have offended once.

Sacked

"If he had been left alone, it is possible he would have lived down his past, and now it is all raked up again."

A judge at the Lincolnshire Assizes made that remark when he was trying one of my first-offender prisoners, who had failed under the strain and had committed a second felony.

The prisoner was one Richard Spafford, charged with receiving articles of stolen property.

He had purged his first offence and was in work. There was no inkling about his past record until the police began making enquiries about a burglary in a neighbouring town.

Then the knowledge that the man had been in prison came to his employers—and he was discharged.

Without resources of any kind, and refused unemployment relief, he—by force of circumstances—tried to dispose of stolen property, and was caught doing so.

Said the judge at the Assize Court: "When a man with a bad past really does show signs of making good, and when he has been lucky enough to get a job, it is a thousand pities if the police should interfere or say one word which might injure him."

A thousand pities. I think that is a gentle statement of the case.

More than three years ago a young electrician was sent to jail for a comparatively small offence.

Free from prison, he managed, because of his craftsman's skill, to get a job. He received good money. He married and made a home.

Out of the blue came the intimation to his firm: "Your electrician is a jail-bird."

The result? Home broken up; man and wife and young child submerged in the abyss of hopelessness.

Then listen to this:

Before the Cardiff magistrates a prisoner pleaded the excuse of no chance after a first offence.

Wherever he went he was dogged by his first-time conviction. And in the end he was arrested again.

This was the charge against him: "Found in circumstances indicating intent to commit a felony **within seven years from the expiration of the sentence passed on him.**"

Lost Home

I have emphasised the last few words.

Everywhere these young offenders may go they are prone to a new arrest.

They are objects of suspicion to the police because they have a prison character.

If they linger at a street corner, or idly gaze at motor cars in a parking-place, they may be—and are—arrested as suspected persons "loitering with intent."

Their Past

Should they endeavour strenuously to be honest, their past is thrown back at them. No firm will trust them. They cannot hold a job because they have been in prison.

What hope is there for them anywhere—for the John Coatleys, for the William Smiths, for the Herbert Browns?

Should there not be an organisation of men of good heart to give these lads a chance—employers who will take a risk?

I have a feeling that such employers would not have to wait for Heaven before they gleaned a reward.

MYSTERY of Aren't Folk Queer?

By Will Scott

"Nobody ever believed Jack, so he dived in his pocket right away. Then he went red in the face—then white, and then he pulled his ragged pocket inside out"

THE "Guinea Jack" was built in 1831. That is to say, it was open to custom for the first time, even if not quite finished and the workmen out, on September 8 of that year.

And September 8 in 1831 was the day on which they crowned King William the Fourth.

The "Guinea Jack" was called "Hobbs's" in those early days, after old Hobbs, who started it.

A long time afterwards, when the men of 1831 had grown old and died and left behind them others who weren't so clear as to details, there was a lot of argument about the date.

Everybody *knew*, of course. Everybody could tell you, and everybody did; but since everybody told you something different it didn't help to bring the argument to an end.

"Guinea Jack" could have settled the argument for them in two shakes, if he'd known there was an argument and if he'd been asked. But he didn't know and he wasn't asked.

HE was half a dozen counties away and an old man when the argument broke out, and he'd been dead for years when the affair came to a head. He never even knew that the pub had been named after him.

Yes, he could have told them all about it, because it was all through the opening of "Hobbs's" on that long-gone Coronation Day that "Guinea Jack" got his name. Until they crowned King William the Fourth it had been simply Jack. Jack *what*, nobody asked.

Jack never had been popular. He'd have a pint from you for holding your horse's head, or anything easy like that; he'd even been known to have a pint when you weren't looking; but as for working for a pint or paying for a pint, that wasn't Jack's way.

Which, of course, got him a bad name in the town.

Not that you could have called it a town in those days. About half a dozen streets, two or three pubs, and a very rough path along the edge of the sea.

It was small enough for everybody to know everybody else and certainly everybody knew Jack and called him a gleaner. And though Jack didn't like it, he endured it rather than work.

Almost before the second brick of the pub was on the first, old Hobbs let it be known that there'd be no room inside *his* house for men of Jack's stamp. When Jack heard this, instead of slinking away, he got on his dignity and began to make a speech.

"ON the day old Hobbs opens his house," he said, "I'm going in and I'm going to say 'I want a pint of your very best ale with a fine top on it, and I want a grand crust of new bread, and a big helping of prime cheddar to finish it off, and I want 'em now, Mr. Hobbs, if you please and beggin' your pardon.' That's *what*."

Needless to say, everybody laughed at that.

But Jack said he was now able to pay his way like anybody else, because he'd got a guinea. A bright new guinea with King William's head on it.

And everybody asked what he meant by *got*.

Because they knew very well he hadn't worked for it and nobody could be found who had given it him. But Jack only smiled and said he was minding his own business.

Well, Coronation Day came round, and, although everything wasn't shipshape at the new pub, old Hobbs thought it was a good day to open. So he opened, just by way of a celebration. And there was a good crowd of people in for the opening, one of the first of them being Jack.

SMILING, he nodded to all the people who disliked him. Smiling, he took his time watching the workmen putting the handsome brick fireplace up in the parlour. Smiling, he worked his way through the crowd to the bar.

"Morning, Mr. Hobbs," he said to the new landlord.

"Morning," said old Hobbs. He was neither civil nor the other thing. He'd heard about Jack's guinea, but he was going to see the colour of it first.

"I want," said Jack, "a pint of your very best ale with a fine top on it."

"Oh, yes?" said old Hobbs.

"And then," Jack went on, "I want a grand crust of new bread."

"Oh, yes?" said old Hobbs.

"With," Jack added, "a big helping of prime cheddar to finish it off."

"Oh, yes?" said old Hobbs. "And who's paying?"

"I am," replied Jack. "I've got a guinea."

"Oh, yes?" said old Hobbs.

Nobody ever believed Jack, so he dived in his pocket straight away. Then he went red in the face, then white, and then he pulled his ragged pocket inside out and began to look on the floor.

"I've lost my guinea!" he cried.

"Oh, yes?" said old Hobbs.

Jack looked everywhere, still very white in the face. He swore he'd had his hand on his guinea inside his pocket since he came in the pub. But everybody smiled. Everybody had been hearing about Jack's guinea for days, but nobody had seen it and nobody really believed there was a guinea at all.

Jack lost his temper and called them a pack of thieves. He said they'd *taken* his guinea so that he couldn't have his food. And at that they lost their tempers and ran Jack down the shingle and threw him into the sea.

That night he spent a merry hour smashing the windows of the houses with pebbles, by way of revenge for what he considered the theft of his guinea; after which he thought it wiser to get out of the town and stay out.

From that day until the day he died, many years later, he never set foot in the place again.

So that he never knew he'd earned the name of Guinea Jack, nor that "Hobbs's" was often spoken of as "Guinea Jack's" after he left, and in the end became known to everybody as "Guinea Jack," because of him.

But if, even when he was ninety, he'd been asked to name the day they'd opened the old pub he could have told them like a flash. Coronation Day, 1831. Because he'd had something to remember it by.

Not until the men who had been at the opening of the "Guinea Jack" began to die off one by one did people notice that the pub itself was not as young as it had been.

THE time came when the grandsons of the men who had thrown Guinea Jack into the sea would sometimes wonder how old it *was*.

Some of them remembered their grandfathers and repeated the old story they had heard that the "Guinea Jack" was first opened on Coronation Day. Which to most of them meant the Coronation Day of Queen Victoria.

And so the truth got itself lost in what are called the mists of time, as the truth very often does, and in the end nobody was very clear as to *when* the "Guinea Jack" was first opened. Not that many people cared.

Guinea Jack, if he could come back now, wouldn't know the old town at all, and he mightn't be too sure about the pub. In his time it was the tallest building on the beach. To-day it is one of the smallest buildings on the wide

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the GUINEA JACK

Promenade, and the Clock Tower, that Jack never saw, has cast its shadow over the old inn these hundred years and more.

Motor buses by the hundred stop near its doors in the summer-time. Nobody lives who remembers even the name of old Hobbs; W. W. Winter it is to-day who is "licensed to sell."

W. W. Winter has been there three years and he has made alterations to the old "Guinea Jack." He was born believing you've got to move with the times, and when he dies that will still be his belief.

But he's not a spoiler and everybody likes him. He's made the "Guinea Jack" bright where once it was a trifle gloomy. But the "Guinea Jack" is still an old-time pub, for all it has moved with the times, and as much for its age as its comfort is W. W. Winter proud of it.

Its age. . . .

W. W. WINTER started the argument all over again because he wanted to know. The "Guinea Jack" being now one of the oldest houses in the town, W. W. Winter wanted to prove it to the wide world. In figures over the window.

"It won't see one hundred years again," he said one winter's evening when the fire was blazing merrily and the wild sea threw spray over the Clock Tower to fall like rain on the roof of the old inn.

That's the time at the "Guinea Jack," when the trippers are gone and half a dozen of the regulars are in front of the bar with the place to themselves. A raging, roaring winter's night. You might be back in the days of Guinea Jack himself.

"It was built," said somebody, "on the day they crowned Queen Victoria. I've heard my old father, when I was a boy, say that his old grandfather——"

"That," W. W. Winter interrupted, "is what I want to know. I want 'Established Eighteen Something' over the window."

"I've heard," said somebody else, "that it's older than that."

"Coronation Day, that's a fact. Everybody used to know. Somebody's Coronation Day."

"Who came before Queen Victoria?"

"Charles the First."

"Oliver Cromwell."

"William the Fourth and George the Fourth before that," said somebody who knew.

"There'll be the date in the deeds," said another.

BUT there wasn't, for the "Guinea Jack" was now but a parcel of a parcel of property that had been cut up and cut up again.

So they talked it over, winter's night after winter's night, but in the end they never got any nearer than *perhaps* Queen Victoria, or *perhaps* William the Fourth, or *perhaps* George the Fourth. And W. W. Winter said it was a great pity, because it would look just fine with the date over the old front window.

Still, there you were.

Buster, who was forty and cadged a sort of living going from place to place, blew into the town one day in late September last year like an old leaf in a gentle wind.

According to Buster, it wasn't a very nice world to be alive in.

There was a hole in his right boot, his pockets were empty and he had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours.

Besides, the town looked as if it didn't want him.

He trudged in his own time down the long Promenade, with its thinning crowds of trippers, past the Pier and the Pier Gardens, past the Clock Tower, to pull up outside the "Guinea Jack" and watch men work.

BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING ALTERATIONS it said outside. Part of a side wall was down and a big tarpaulin was up. Men with barrows carried old bricks away. Other men shovelled.

W. W. Winter was still moving with the times.

They were pulling down an old brick fireplace, carting it away. For half an hour Buster stood and watched. Then suddenly he shouted "Oi!"

The workmen stopped working and W. W. Winter came down off the top step to see what it was all about.

"Somethin' there shinin'," said Buster.

"Where?"

Buster poked about in a barrow of rubble and pulled it out.

"Seen it shinin' in the sunlight," he said.

"Let me see," said W. W. Winter, and took it. "Well, now, look—would you believe it!"

The regulars came out and gathered round. It was a guinea, of all things, tarnished but unused. And on one side was the head of King William the Fourth and on the other side was the date—1831.

"Well, would you believe it!" W. W. Winter repeated, "I reckon *this* settles it after years of talk. William the Fourth. This guinea ought to go into the museum."

"It certainly settles it," said one of the regulars. "It must have been there behind that fireplace since the day it was built. A guinea. . . . Maybe that's how it got the name, somehow."

"Lucky this fellow happened to see."

W. W. Winter looked at "this fellow," who didn't seem to find much sense in what they were talking about.

"YOU look hungry," said W. W. Winter.

"You've said it."

"Come inside," said W. W. Winter. "I reckon I owe you something."

And he sat Buster on a high stool in front of the counter in the bar parlour of the "Guinea Jack," and set in front of him a meal for a king. Or at least that's what Buster said.

A pint of the very best ale with a top on it, a grand crust of new bread and a big helping of prime cheddar to finish it off.

"Nice old house you've got 'ere," said Buster, getting on with it.

"Established 1831," said W. W. Winter proudly.

Next Week:

"Star Turn"

is a little masterpiece of humour and unexpected irony.

The August holiday crowds are thronging into a pier hall where a talent-spotting competition is in progress.

Alison, who has been a concert-party artiste for half a lifetime, is determined to carry off the prize and thus get a chance to star in London.

But there's a dangerous rival in a nine-year-old imitation of Shirley Temple.

Then Bessie takes a hand. Bessie is Alison's dresser; she, too, wants to get on in London.

So Bessie does things to clear the obstacles from the path. And in the end ——

But we mustn't spoil your enjoyment by telling you what happens in the end.

You'll want to laugh, though maybe you'll feel like sighing. The certainty is that you'll admire every word of next week's WILL SCOTT triumph!

Not from the B.B.C.

Love, for Learners

If his Jill he'd fain go wooing,
Uninstructed Jack,
Keen on billing and on cooing,
First must learn the knack.

Vainly will he seek admission
To a maiden's heart,
If he's not received tuition
In Love's ancient art.

Still, there is no dearth of teachers
From which he may choose—
Mostly in the form of preachers
Keen on filling pews!

No hope for them, it seems, unless they receive tuition in Love's ancient art

When I and my bald-headed readers were lads of the village, love-making ("spooning" we called it in our olde worlde way) was a less complicated procedure than it now seems to be.

So much advice on the subject is handed out from so many quarters that one might well conclude that making a living is dead easy compared with making love.

Indeed, according to the Rev. J. T. Hodgson, described as a "spiritual surgeon," of Wood Green, "No business on earth is so delicate."

If it really is as difficult as all that, youths frequenting the Marine Parade may yet be required to display "L" placards until they can demonstrate their ability to manœuvre a glad eye in a built-up area without colliding with abstracted pedestrians.

Unfortunately, "spiritual surgeons" don't deal with practical problems like this.

Too cute, maybe.

Earnest students wishing to learn the correct method of exchanging kisses with a sweetie riding behind on the pillion are fobbed off with advice such as "Flirtations are full of subtle danger."

Really, the most inspiring tit-bit I managed to extract from reports of the Rev. Hodgson's sermon to sweethearts was his statement that "Women must learn that man is a queer creature."

Believe me, Gertie, it is time that this great big horrible truth found its way into the cavity beneath your perm.

And it ought to take you down a peg or two.

For too long novelists have fostered the notion that while women are strange and incomprehensible, men are almost as plain as they look.

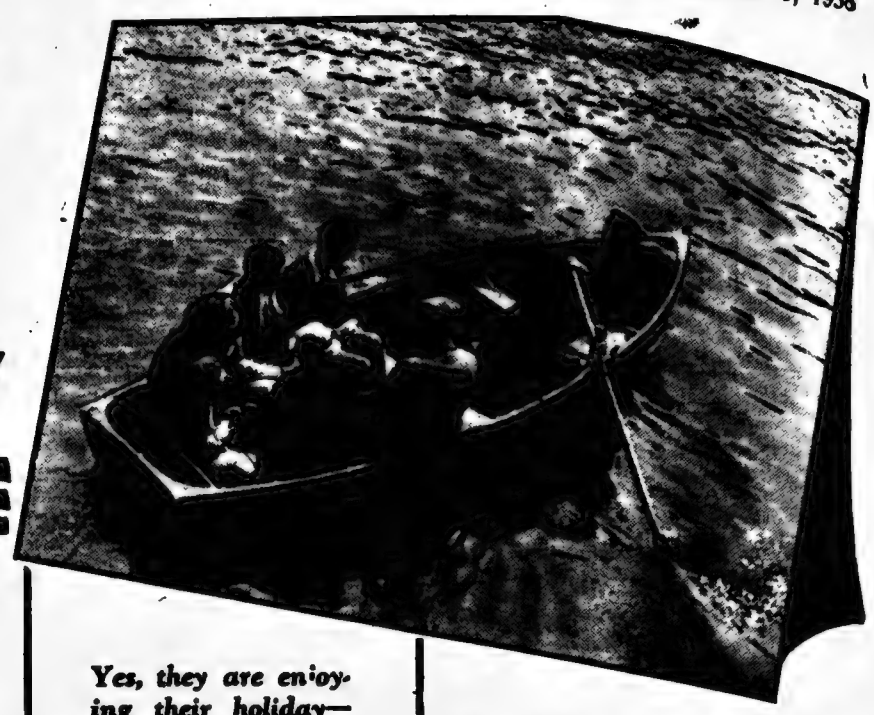
Why should not we also have our "aura of mystery"? At best it might enhance our masculine allure, and at worst it should provide a laugh at the zoo.

Of all the strange creatures that form nature's plan,
There's none that is queerer and quainter than Man;
He's queerer by half
Than the elk or giraffe,
Who grin when his figure they scan!

Too often he talks through a queerly shaped hat,
Or keeps as a pet in his belfry a bat;
Which, I think, makes it clear
He's most frightfully queer—
And at times even queerer than that!

Y. Z.

TAKE A LOOK INSIDE THE GREAT HOLIDAY MACHINE



Yes, they are enjoying their holiday—but what chaos it causes ashore!

ENJOY this August Bank Holiday Week while it still lasts.

You will probably never see another.

The great holiday machine was only just able to cope with the crowds last August.

This year — with 3,000,000 more workers able to take their families away owing to the spread of the holidays-with-pay movement—the machine has been running at bursting-point.

What about next year?

For all the Government's dilly-dallying over holidays-with-pay, grudging as it is in interpreting the recommendations of the Amulree Committee that would ensure holidays for everybody within three years, there is no stopping this holidays-with-pay movement.

Twice as many people will be able to afford holidays in 1939 as in 1937.

They won't all be able to go in August.

Staggered holidays—with which idea the nation is merely toying at the moment—will become a vital necessity.

And that means an end to August Bank Holiday Week as we have known it for generations.

See how the holiday machine has been groaning in the past week.

By the time the last August holiday-maker is back home the railway companies will have supplied 40,000 extra trains.

Most of the additional stock required is useless throughout the rest of the year.

The bulk of £60,000,000 of the nation's holiday savings will have been disbursed in the last fortnight.

That means that seaside shopkeepers have to earn their year's keep in a short time.

Which means overcharging, all too often. In other words, vastly dearer holidays. And that's in the interests of nobody.

Bad Business

Hundreds of thousands of hotel-keepers and boarding-house proprietors will have opened up, for the August Bank Holiday rush, rooms that are practically useless throughout most of the year.

But they have to pay rates on them for fifty-two weeks out of fifty-two.

Yet again—that means dearer holidays. And dear holidays either drive holidaymakers abroad or decide them to stay at home.

There will be a jump of something like £7,000,000 in the currency circulation this week.

No need to go into reasons, but these sudden fluctuations are bad all round.

There is another important point. Holiday week is followed by some weeks of temporary poverty in most homes.

Everybody becomes poor together!

For some weeks the national spending power will be so reduced that many scores of thousands of people have to be "stood off."

So shed no tears at the possibility of this being the last August Bank Holiday Week.

Ours is a rotten holiday machine.

Don't let the fact that you have enjoyed yourself immensely this week blind you to the fact.

Other European countries have built up holiday machines so much better than ours in the last few years.

Let us look at what they are doing in other countries while British workers and their families are being packed like sardines on the sands, compressed into stifling railway carriages, inconvenienced in a score of ways—and, in many cases, are losing a week's pay into the bargain.

Cheaper Abroad

Generally speaking, holidays-with-pay has become the established rule on the Continent.

In many cases it has been accompanied by cheap travelling facilities of a kind unknown here.

To make such holidays possible *and* comfortable, holidays are being staggered almost everywhere.

To continue the generalisation, wage-earning workers are getting from six days to two weeks' holiday with pay over most of Europe: salary-earners up to four weeks.

Now let us particularise:

France, with a Ministry of Leisure to help holidaymakers, and cheap travel facilities to assure that the big-family man isn't too heavily penalised, insists on fifteen days' paid holidays (twelve of which must be taken from actual working days) for every worker of twelve months' service.

Poland gives eight days' free holiday after a year: fifteen days after three years.

Czecho-Slovakia gives from six to eight days' holiday with pay, according to length of tenure.

Austria gives one week after one year, two weeks after five.

In Germany and Italy the periods vary in different industries.

Belgium gives six days after a year.

Most of these countries have systems to thwart the bad type of employer who would sack a man when his holiday became due.

Belgium, for instance, has a compensating system. The employer puts a holiday stamp on a worker's card every week.

If a worker goes to another firm, his card goes with him.

A Way Out

That man might be working for his fifth employer when the time has come for him to have a compulsory holiday with pay.

The employer who actually gives the holiday pays the man his full pay, sends his card away, and has his losses met out of the compensation fund.

In this country all sorts of people are putting difficulties in the way of holidays with pay.

There's a way round every one of them.

In most cases, they are only raised as barriers to progress.

How long must we lag behind? How long must British workers have to dispense with holidays because they can't afford them—or, if they can raise the money, be treated like cattle in one vast herd-stampede for the seaside?

Staggering

The Government has the remedy in its hands.

What the Amulree Committee recommended—that industry should be given two or three years in which to give holidays with pay voluntarily: after that chance, it should be made compulsory by Statute—should be obeyed to the letter.

Instead, the Government is playing about with the idea.

To pave the way for all-round holidays with pay, the staggering of holidays should be started next Spring, which means arranging the earlier details *now*.

We know all the arguments against. That it will interfere with school examinations is one.

Very well, hold the examinations in the winter.

Another point often raised is that one industry, or one town, depends on another. For instance, that big motor factory which is to close on, say, August 14, will be handicapped if one of its feeder factories closes for the staggered holiday on, say, July 21.

There is a way round all these problems.

Health, rest, recreation, a blow at the seaside—such things are the heritage of every one of us.

Czechs, Poles, Austrians—there are many other nations like them—aren't being denied that heritage.

Why should we be?

What a terrible prospect for families who haven't found out about Pan Yan! Cold meals can be so dull! But there's no reason at all why they should be. Wise housewives know how Pan Yan can brighten cold meals—and other meals as well! Its spicy flavour gives new zest to hot meat or cold, fish and cheese. And it's specially blended to help digestion too. Remember, good temper starts in the stomach—and remember Pan Yan!

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

Cavalcade of the C.I.D.

Death in a Garage

Vivian Messiter was found beaten to death in a Southampton garage. Near the body was a rusty hammer bearing a single hair which the microscope proved to be from the victim's head. Scotland Yard began one of the most brilliant and exhaustive investigations ever known.

A man who had been employed by Messiter was missing from his lodgings. A copy of his signature was obtained from an order book. Weeks of enquiry followed before the suspect was revealed as a convicted criminal named Podmore. Still no trace of him could be found, and no definite clue to link him with the crime.

The police hunt focused on London's underworld. At last he was traced to lodgings, but had vanished again before detectives arrived. Other specimens of his writing were found, however, and, though his signature in the order book had been in a false name, experts proved the handwriting identical.

After months more, the police discovered Podmore—in jail! He was taken by car to Southampton, identified as Messiter's employee, charged with murder.

Chiefly because of supremely delicate micro-photographic work on the fatal hammer, and photo-microscopic examination of his handwriting, he was found guilty and sentenced to death.

Cadburys give you MORE for your money!

FIRST

CADBURYS REDUCE PRICES

NOW

CADBURYS INCREASE WEIGHTS

MILK FRUIT & NUT
PLAIN FRUIT & NUT

NOW **2oz 2D**

QUALITY GUARANTEED UNCHANGED

Cadburys give you more *and more* for your money! Last month they brought prices down—now they give you *more chocolate* for the money. Dash off *now* and treat yourself to a 2d. block of Fruit & Nut—Milk or Plain. Thanks to Cadburys, you'll get every bit of TWO FULL OUNCES of delicious nourishment for your 2d. Do it *now*!

Into every half-pound block of Cadburys Milk Fruit & Nut Chocolate go—about 150 Grapes, 15 to 20 Almonds and half a pint of rich full-cream milk.

Dash off and get some CADBURYS NOW!

Don't be a 'head and shoulders' beauty

... KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

all over!

Take care your looks are not betrayed by what a backless evening gown reveals. Make sure you are "Schoolgirl complexion all over"! Palmolive's wonderful *olive oil* lather will keep your *whole* skin just as soft and supple as it will your youthful complexion. Use this gentle beauty soap in your bath always.

Reader's Story by JOE ASH, 25, Granville Road, London, S.E.13

JOHN BULL invites original readers' stories of outstanding adventure—preferably set in the British Isles—not exceeding 1,200 words. £5 5 0 is paid for each story published. Enclose stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

He pumped three shots close together and the boss toppled slowly to the ground

Cornered by GANGSTERS

EIGHT years ago, on a Saturday night, Jack and myself were strolling along the waterfront in Vancouver City. We were out of work and hadn't a dollar between us.

But what we wanted more than anything else was somewhere to sleep. We had almost reached a tumble-down shack when we heard men's voices.

They were obviously quarrelling. Suddenly there was a shot. Then a man appeared at the door of the shack holding a smoking revolver.

We walked almost into him, and he turned the muzzle of the gun on us.

"Wal? What are you guys gonna do?" he asked harshly.

"Going to sleep if we can find some place handy," I replied.

We were still covered, and then behind the man I saw someone lying face down on the ground.

"Yeah!" said the stranger grimly. "He asked for it. Keep your hands high and turn round."

Being unarmed, Jack and I had no alternative. The man ran his hands through our pockets, and, finding nothing, said: "Pick up that guy, you two suckers. Carry him over there to the wharf."

Down to the water's edge we went, carrying the limp form between us. We expected to be told to heave the body into the water, but, instead, we were ordered to place it in a small boat tied to the wharf.

The man followed us into the boat, and after making sure the coast was clear, he cast off, telling Jack and myself to take an oar each.

For nearly an hour we rowed, covered by the gangster's gun.

Presently we came alongside a smart cabin cruiser. She showed no lights, but a man on board hailed us as we approached.

"O.K., Sid," cried the gunman. "Drop us a line."

AFTER he had made fast to the side of the boat he turned to us.

"What are you guys?" he demanded. "Just a couple of bums?"

"No—sailors," I replied.

"What kinder sailors?"

"Deepwater seamen, boss," I said. "My buddy has a coasting second mate's ticket."

"Huh! How'd you like a job on this craft?"

Jack and I exchanged glances. I guess we both thought we knew too much to be allowed to get back unharmed. We were at the murderer's mercy.

"It's O.K. with us, boss," answered Jack, "if you'll put that gun away."

"And what about this guy that's been shot?" I put in.

"Get him aboard quick. I'll fix him."

In the cabin I saw there was a small hole in his head. He must have died instantly.

"Give you trouble, boss?" asked the man addressed as Sid when he saw the dead man's face.

"Yeah," was the curt reply. "Said he'd join up with Kellgg's if he didn't get a bigger cut. We'll drop him farther down the bay."

After we had got under way and we had dumped the dead man in the bay with weights attached to his feet, the gunman opened up.

"We're carrying liquor on this tub," he said, "going to Seattle. I'll give you guys fifty dollars for taking her down. But get this right here. I'm boss of this outfit, so forget what you've seen and I'll treat you fair."

"It suits us," agreed Jack, "but what happens when we get to Seattle?"

"You can finish if you like or join up with us and be paid 50 dollars a trip and all expenses."

I WILL admit the money was a godsend to us, for we had been on the rocks at Vancouver. Sid was the engineer and Jack and I steered. We gathered from Sid that the boss had only recently started on the Pacific coast and was doing big business.

We reached Seattle late at night with the engines stopped and no lights. Presently we heard the *phut, phut* of an engine and soon a young man climbed up the side. He went straight to the killer and started to talk business.

Presently the boss came over to where Jack and I were sitting.

"Listen, you guys," he said. "I'm going back to Vancouver by car to fetch another boat-load. You two can come with me."

We followed the boss into the dinghy and helped row her ashore. Jack whispered to me, "We haven't seen the 50 dollars yet, Joe."

The boss at once put his hand in his pocket and drew out a roll of bills. So that was all right.

Ashore we found a big car waiting. The boss took over the wheel and Jack and I sat in the back seat.

We had been travelling fast for over an hour when I noticed the lights of another car overtaking us. It was then about three in the morning.

The boss glanced over his shoulder and accelerated hard. We shot away, but not for long.

Closer and closer the other crept up, and, drawing level, began to crowd us off the edge of the road.

WITH a vain effort to elude it the boss struck the other car and immediately cannoned away, his own car smashing through a hedge and hitting a tree.

I had been flung against the driving window and was bleeding from a nasty cut on the face. Jack was dazed and holding a broken arm. The boss was lying over the wheel.

Suddenly a curt "Stick 'em up" caused us to whip round. A man was covering us with a gun.

"Where's Bennie?" he demanded.

Just then another man appeared, also with a gun.

"Where the hell's Bennie?" he yelled. "Don't say we hit the wrong car?"

The first speaker searched the car.

"Here's the dirty rat!" he cried. He put his foot into the car and hauled out the boss. He was apparently badly hurt and leaned against a tree for support.

"Listen, Bennie," said the first speaker. "You bumped off 'Sticker and now it's your turn, see?"

With that he pumped three shots close together and the boss toppled slowly to the ground. He turned to us. We stood paralysed, for we expected it would be our turn next.

"How long you guys known Bennie?" he demanded.

We explained our situation as best we could. The two gunmen held a whispered conversation and then told us they would accept our word.

"But just to make sure," they said, "we'll give Bennie a good send-off." They made us put the body into the car while one of them knocked a hole in the tank and splashed petrol into the saloon.

Then they set it on fire.

As they drove us away—to Vancouver City, it turned out—we heard the petrol tank explode.

I need scarcely say we were more than glad to get back to Vancouver, where we found honest-to-goodness work.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Long-Shots for Autumn Double

ENTRIES for the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch and other important back-end handicaps indicate that the Flat-racing season has passed the half-way mark.

In the past—the "great days," as they are called—the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire involved very heavy gambles, but to-day the volume of betting on these events is not in the same category. Nevertheless, they intrigue tremendously those whose interest is "doubles," and a great deal of money is lost to the "enemy" by these sporty folk. Bookmakers are always pleased to accommodate the adventurous of the punting fraternity!

The ante-post commission agents will shortly be issuing their lists for the big double. It is very tempting to endeavour to bring off a 500 to 1 shot, but probably those backers who wait for the weights are the wiser.

Anyway, I have to tilt at these speculative races.

The Ascot Stakes is the key-race for the Cesarewitch. In this event I noted Toreador III and earmarked him immediately for the long-distance race at Newmarket. He found the journey at Ascot a little too far for him, but was with the leaders when the straight was reached.

This one and Naval Display might be coupled with three or four in the Cambridgeshire.

Artist's Prince is sure to be a big public favourite again, but I understand his stable companion, Hazel, is useful.

Another I advise to be particularly noted is Carlisle.

Lewes is the chief racing centre this week-end, and for the Saturday double I suggest Feud and Albany Girl.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, August 4, to Wednesday, August 10.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J

I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: DLBHSMN would read PRICKET.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KTX297M would read SNOOZE.

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.—even bugs*

● For over half a century KEATING'S POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.* — But it must be KEATING'S

Cartons 2d., 6d., 1/-. Powder Flasks 1/-.

DUODENAL ULCER

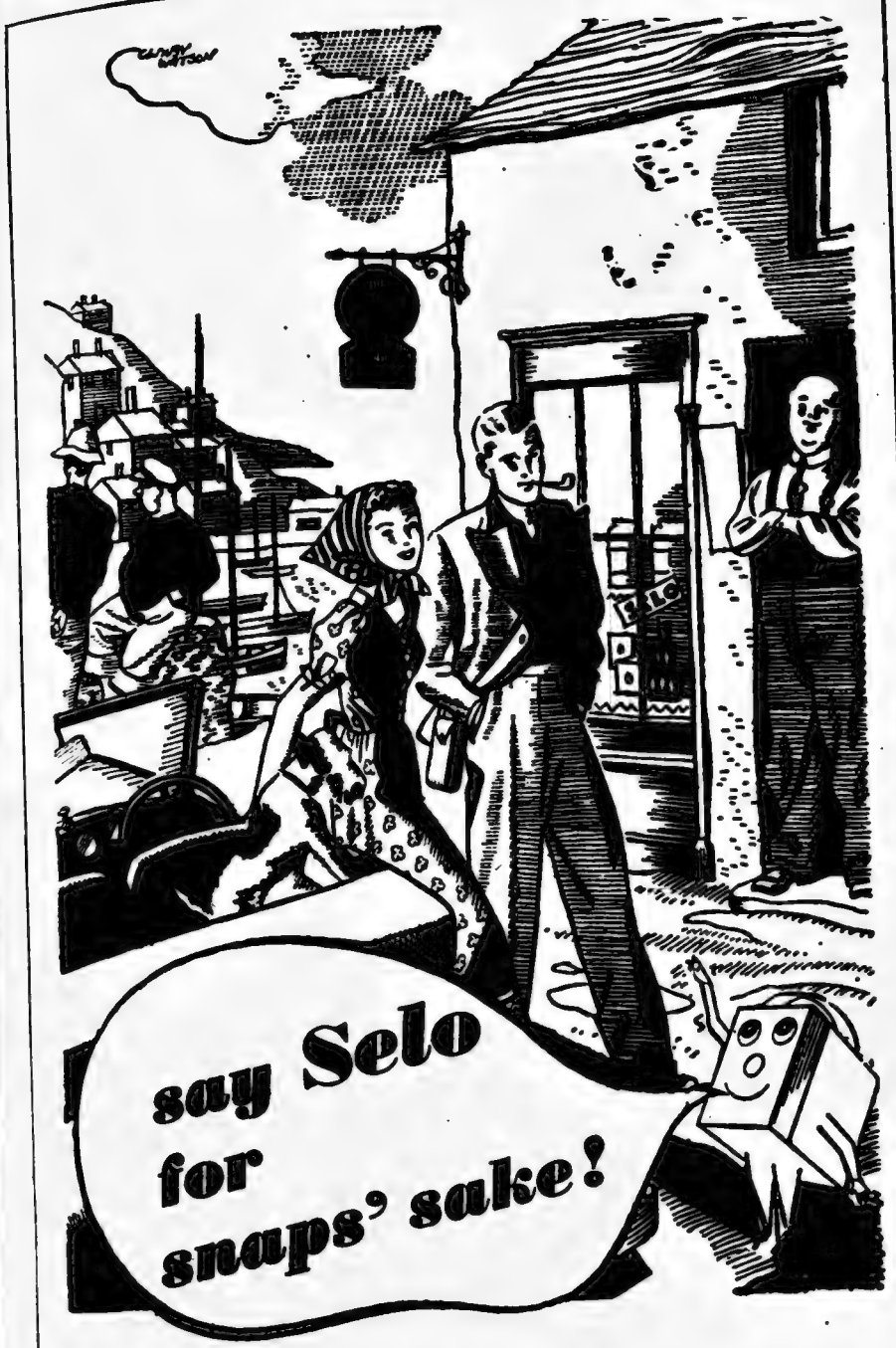
How operation was avoided

The following interesting case shows how completely justified is the great confidence of doctors in a famous Stomach remedy.

"In March, 1932," writes Mr. E. E., of Seven Kings, "I was taken ill with Stomach trouble and advised by my panel doctor to take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. He also sent me to —— Hospital to be examined. There they diagnosed Duodenal Ulcer and advised an operation. But owing to my weak and run-down state I did not relish being cut about. I kept under my panel doctor, who prescribed Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

"Three months later I was pronounced fit for work. I have been doing very heavy work for four years, and have never had a recurrence of stomach trouble of any kind."

This is only one of many amazing successes to the credit of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. Imagine how quickly and surely it will relieve *your own* stomach trouble. Get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. To be sure you get it look for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton. Sold in bottles in cartons, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Also pocket tins of Tablets, 9d. Never sold loose.



Selo at the seaside puts a sparkle into your snaps, turns out perfect pictures in dull or fine weather. These British films★ have extra latitude, and speed to make them extra sensitive to everything your eye can see. So next time your camera's ready for a refill, wherever you are, say Selo—for snaps' sake!

For every make and size of camera

SELO FILMS

★

SELO-CHROME—the fast roll film for all-round snapshotting; marvellous latitude to overcome exposure errors.

† **SELOCHROME**—the extra fast roll film for high-speed work. Highly orthochromatic and anti-halo backed.

† **SELO FINE GRAIN**—Panchromatic roll film—ideal for miniature cameras and gives perfect colour rendering.

† **SELO HYPERSENSITIVE** Panchromatic roll film, the fastest film available with the finest grain. Completely colour sensitive.

† *These films are also made in specially fine grain emulsions for miniature cameras taking 35 mm. perforated film.*

MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED ILFORD ENGLAND

A broth of a Tobacco!

Sure an' is it Four Square tobacco you would be afther telling me about? Begorra, there's nivver a man that opens his lips to speak av it but it's meself would be taking the words right out av his mouth. A pure tobacco says I, as full of years as a fiddler is of tunes, with nivver a bit of artificial flavouring in a pouchful. I'll throuble ye to oblige me with an ounce, Mr. Tobacconist. There's divvil a better tobacco made, and it's meself would be cutting out me tongue sooner than hear a word said against it.

FOUR SQUARE

VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOS

EMPIRE DE LUXE BLENDS		ORIGINAL BLENDS	
Mixture (Green Squares)	10½d. oz.	Mixture—Original (Blue Squares)	1/2½d. oz.
Curlies (Purple Squares)	10½d. oz.	*Mixture—Medium-Light (Blue Squares)	1/2½d. oz.
Cut Cake (Yellow Squares)	11d. oz.	Matured Virginia—Original (Red Squares)	1/3d. oz.
Ripe Brown (Brown Squares)	11d. oz.	*Matured Virginia—Ready Rubbed (Red Squares)	1/3d. oz.

All blends are Medium Strength and are sold in tins only *New blends

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Standard Size:— ... 20 FOR 1/-. Large Size:— ... 20 FOR 1/2d.

Guaranteed to be made from 100% genuine Virginia Leaf.

GEORGE DOBIE & SON, LTD. (*Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since 1809*), PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

CROSSWORD No. 120.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

On page 22 is presented the 120th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, LITT.D., D.LITT., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.LITT.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

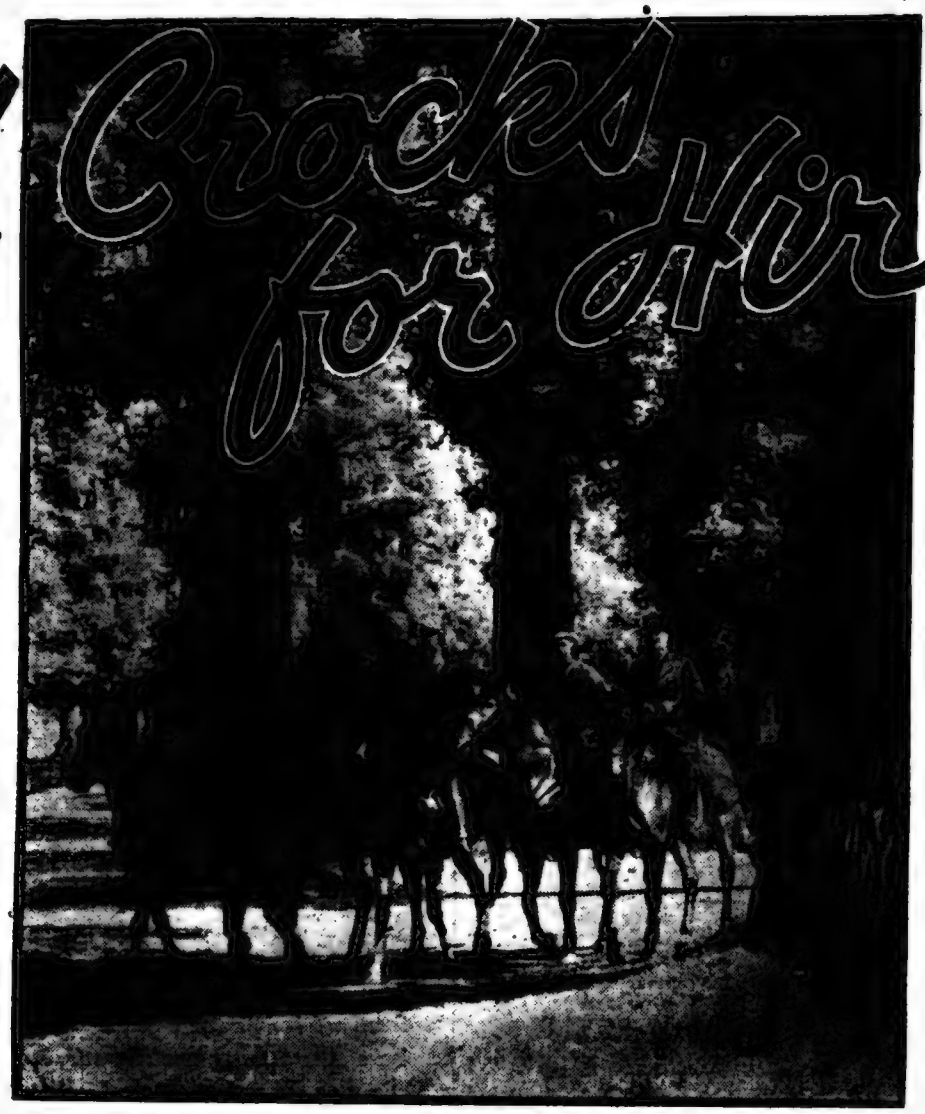
If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, August 25, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 32, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the decisions of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "John Bull"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 27

Old Crocks for Hire!



These horses are their owners' pride. But thousands offered for hire are brutally treated, half-starved. And the Law gives them no protection.

OUR best wishes—and yours, we hope—go to Capt. Heilgers, M.P., who is promoting a Bill to check the cruelty to riding-school horses.

For cruelty there is. Barbarous and widespread cruelty!

The National Horse Association of Great Britain has for some time been actively interested in the proposal to promote legislation to provide for the regulation of riding establishments. The Bill is the outcome of the closest co-operation between the Association and the various humane societies in this country.

The Association has sought, through its approved riding schools and stables scheme, and by other means, to maintain the highest possible standard in the interests of horsemanship and humanity.

It realises, however, that no voluntary system can completely eradicate certain abuses unless it is supported by legislation.

Two-Horse Shows

Riding has become astonishingly popular. Clerks and typists, schoolboys and suburban housewives are among the thousands who have discovered its pleasures.

To cater for their needs, "hacking" establishments have sprung up everywhere.

There must be nearly two thousand now in existence, ranging from two-horse shows conducted in a meadow to big premises accommodating perhaps 100 hacks, a staff of qualified grooms, and either ex-Army instructors or riding masters and mistresses with the Institute of the Horse valued diploma.

Some are good, some indifferent, some utterly bad.

The number of listless, poorly conditioned horses exposed for hire in some of Britain's riding schools shames the nation that boasts of its horse-loving traditions.

What is more, our ridiculously framed animal protection laws offer practically no help to curb this evil.

"Last year, my society's Investigations Branch followed up one hundred and thirty-three complaints into riding school management," says the secretary of Our Dumb Friends' League.

"In only one instance was evidence sufficient, as our existing legislation requires it, to prosecute the owner for neglect and 'causing unnecessary suffering.'"

No matter how scraggy a horse may be. No matter if its ribs stick out grotesquely. No matter if its toilsome movements prove semi-starvation. Such facts, in the law's opinion, are inadequate.

So, while treating their cobs cruelly, most bad riding-school owners can easily keep clear of the police court. That term "unnecessary," covering suffering, is their lifeline.

They know that, unless their horses are ridden when chronically diseased, suffering from bog spavins, obvious lameness or bleeding galls, no one may call them to account. And even in such cases——

Case Dismissed

Recently the Dumb Friends' League, supported by the local police, prosecuted a man in the Birmingham district for permitting a horse to be ridden with open collar galls. The wretched animal's abrasions were oozing blood before it was taken out.

But this evidence was discountenanced by a veterinary surgeon who appeared for the defence. He declared that he had often ridden horses with sores that had been "rubbed"; that is, opened out during a gallop or canter.

Swayed by *that* argument, the magistrates dismissed the case!

In another case of "unnecessary suffering" the defendant's horse was in a deplorable plight. But directly the summons was served he fed it handsomely, giving it about five times its previous rations.

Fourpence a Time

So that when officially inspected, three weeks later, the horse appeared well-groomed and healthy.

By allowing the wily proprietor ample time in which to cover up his cruelties, the law's delays are thus as dangerous as its omissions.

One Midlands riding establishment is set in a small field where the owner has built various low fence jumps and obstructions. He charges clients fourpence a time to career round that field.

You can imagine how grimly his horses are sweated by inexperienced riders to make this low charge profitable.

But the very worst schools are now on the fringes of London and the big provincial cities. Many work their horses from ten to fifteen hours at a stretch during week-ends.

Or there is a Buckinghamshire man, now hiring out hacks to all-comers for half-a-crown an hour, who takes them at night to crop the stained, dust-ridden grasses along road margins.

His weary-moving, skinny cobs get very little other nourishment.

There is, too, a steady inflow of worn-out hunters into bad schools. These animals, bought for a song because of injuries, are then patched up for service as children's mounts.

Again, unscrupulous riding masters fill their stables with ex-Army horses, many on the brink of decrepitude. Then there are others who, having drained an animal's vitality, have no compunction in selling it cheaply to a cut-price establishment.

Of course, they know it will be ruthlessly worked to death—they know and don't care.

Yet another abuse. Though conscientious schools grade their horses according to the horsemanship of their clients and refuse point-blank to let bad riders go out on a gallop, such distinctions are unknown in tenth-rate establishments.

Away with Spurs!

There, anyone who has never sat a saddle before can take his pick. And novices may, perhaps unwittingly, cause severe cruelty to their mounts, cruelty which doesn't stop at violently pulling a horse's mouth.

It is time that spurs were illegal in this country for the novice rider. An ill-tempered beginner can and does inflict painful injuries by vicious heel jabs.

Every day this scandal increases.

More crocks are impressed into mean, pinchbeck stables.

More men, mostly hard-up ex-Army officers, old cavalry sergeants and speculative horse dealers, are setting up "riding schools" with two or three beggarly cobs, with a tumbledown barn or rickety tin shed for accommodation.

Then they betray themselves as horse slave-drivers by hiring out their hacks for 1s. or 2s. an hour.

Mercifully, there is a remedy.

It lies in a properly constituted licensing code to cover every type of school, backed by proper inspection and a fixed schedule of charges.

Having canvassed opinions, we can say that owners of decently run establishments, no matter whether big or small, prosperous or not, are in favour of this reform.

And this is the safeguard proposed by Capt. Heilgers' Bill.

Schools where animals are badly groomed, starved and sweated for profits are grave reflections upon a growing and worthy industry.

They must be wiped out. The Bill must be passed—and quickly.

FEET FEEL SCALDED?

If your feet smart and burn as if boiling hot water was poured on them — blame stale Foot Acid. This crippling condition of the feet begins in the skin-pores. Your feet have 3,000 pores to every square inch of skin. When these get choked up, the waste acid piles up in the muscles. Your feet swell, ache and burn. Corns and callouses form. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering! The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Muscles are soothed. Swelling goes down. Tired, burning, acid feet are eased and comforted. Every chemist sells Radox, 1/6 per ten ounce pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. Also in cubes 3 for 7½d.

RADOX 10 oz. Pink Packet **1/6**

"The Greatest of These"

DONALD'S mother and father are in trouble. His father served in the Great War, though he has no pension. For seventeen weeks he has been in hospital with gastric trouble.

When he is well this man is a builder's labourer, but he is never able to hold a job for long as his health breaks down.

His wife, too, is in very poor health, and her trouble is intensified by worry because she owes a doctor's bill of over £5. A son of fifteen earns 10s. 6d. a week as an errand boy, but Donald and his sister still go to school.

Donald

This poor woman's great anxiety is the thought of her unpaid bills. Our worry is that we have a very long waiting list for help, so that we must always be pleading for generous support.

Donations for this case should be earmarked "Donald," and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

* * *

One of the most generous gifts comes from "A Happier Man," who recently sent £13. We thankfully assure him that the money will be expended in the ways he has directed.

COMPANY MEETING

FURNESS, WITHY & COMPANY.

INCREASED PROFITS AND DIVIDEND

The forty-seventh annual general meeting of Furness Withy and Company, Ltd., was held on the 26th ult. at Furness House, London, E.C.

The Lord Essendon, who presided, said that their hopeful anticipations of a year ago had not been entirely fulfilled. In the main, however, the results were satisfactory. The profit and loss account showed an increased profit for the year of £620,681, compared with £544,744. It was proposed to pay a dividend of 5 per cent., less income tax, on the ordinary stock capital. That dividend compared with 3 per cent. paid in 1937, and, in the circumstances, he hoped it would be regarded as a satisfactory reflection of the improved results achieved.

In respect of the fleets which were managed from their building, the increase in operating costs, covering such items as fuel, wages, stores and insurance, compared with the level of costs a year ago, was at the rate of £275,000 per annum.

POSITION OF BRITISH SHIPPING.

It had been his custom in years past to endeavour to review the position of British shipping, but the problem became more and more complex because the business could not any more be regarded as a purely individual or commercial enterprise. There were many influences at work undermining the position of British shipping in world trade, and it was not to be wondered at that shipowners sometimes found difficulty in maintaining a course consistent with the principles of freedom of action and judgment.

Confidence in the future and a revival of international trade would dispel some of the fears and solve at least part of the problem. One could not avoid the reflection that if British shipowners had during the past few years built more ships strictly for the sake of maintaining the percentage of the British Mercantile Marine in relation to world tonnage, the depression in the industry would have been even more acute and prolonged. It might be thought that he took a gloomy view of the outlook. That was far from the case. There had been a temporary setback, but the gap between unprofitable and profitable tradings could quickly be bridged by a revival in International trade, as had been demonstrated very clearly no longer than eighteen months ago.

The report was adopted.

YES, I'M STILL SINGLE
DO YOU LIKE TO BE SINGLE, MISS ELLEN?
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JUDY, I DON'T! I'D LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU!
THEN WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT MUMMY SAID? SHE SAID YOU WOULDN'T STILL BE SINGLE IF YOU ASKED THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
MY BREATH? WHY, JUDY! IS THAT...
RECENT TESTS PROVE THAT 76 % OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.
3 MONTHS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
AND MISS ELLEN SAYS I CAN HAVE THE BIGGEST PIECE OF HER WEDDING CAKE!

Now—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes the teeth sparkle! Get a tube to-day and watch results in your own mirror.

THREE SIZES 6d. 1/- 1/6d

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

TAN

'COOLTAN' hastens the sun's TAN-action, yet stops deadly burn rays! NO ugly red burn or blisters! NO freckles . . . Just a quick, deep rich Bronze TAN! No grease or dye. Used for men, women, children. Amaze all with your handsome TAN—get best face and body, too, with famous 'Cooltan.' Tubes 1/3 and 2/-. Liquid form 2/6. Chemists, Stores, or posted (add 3d.)—Hall's Sun Court (Dept. J), 154, p. Regent St., London. W.1

cooltan

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

It's piping cool!

LLOYDS Bondman TOBACCO

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½d per oz.
EMPIRE BLEND . . . . . 10d per oz.

IN easy to open VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

2D STOPS SUMMER ACHES & PAINS

End the misery of throbbing Headache for 2d. Take a Beechams Powder NOW! The maddening pain vanishes, and you experience the blessing of complete relief.

That constant wearying agony ruins your life. End it for 2d. by taking a Beechams Powder, the prescription which acts like magic.

That fierce, crippling stab need trouble you no longer. Beechams Powders will end it for 2d.! They soothe the nerves and end pain quickly.

You'd give pounds to end it. All you need spend is 2d. for a Beechams Powder! Beechams Powders are quicker-acting, more certain in results!

BEECHAMS POWDERS

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 9 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

The Time To Be Happy is NOW!

IF my work as "Humanist" has taught me one thing, it is the essential goodness of human nature.

That sounds a strange assertion from one whose task has been the unravelling of problems in which life's failings and foibles have been laid bare. Yet through all the "mist and maze of things" the thread of gold has been discernible.

Let me explain. In a recent article I told two stories.

One was of "Darby and Joan," who, after fifty-three years of married life, found themselves ill and poor and alone. The other was of a girl of eighteen who, stricken with consumption and threatened with the loss of her work, had nowhere to go.

An amazing response came from the publication of those letters.

People from all walks of life and in every part of the land wanted to help. Many sent money, some offered their homes as guest houses, others volunteered to call on them or to write a weekly letter of news and cheer.

Those practical expressions of sympathy touched me as deeply as they did the recipients. To quote from old "Darby's" letter:

"When I wrote to you seeking a little comfort, a friendly word, a bit of cheer, I never imagined I would receive such a reply. We both cried to think that we should have so much kindness shown to us from utter strangers. It goes to prove how many kind hearts there are in the world."

Yes, and I can vouch that many JOHN BULL readers have adopted as their creed those fine words by Ingersoll: "The time to be happy is now. The place to be happy is here. And the way to be happy is to make other people happy."

Happy—because she knows how to bring happiness to others

? Here is one woman who has adopted it:

My husband was ill and unable to work for two years, and as we have children we know what hardship is.

Now he has started work again, and, remembering our own lean times, I want to do what I can to help the needy.

Beggars often call at my door and I always offer them a cup of tea and something to eat. But you would be surprised at the number of times I find the food thrown away.

Sometimes I give a copper or two towards a bed. Yet I know that this money, which represents a real sacrifice, is often spent on drink.

What ought I to do?

She could guard against her kindness being abused by ceasing to give to casual callers.

Anything she can afford might be sent to recognised charities, such as hospitals or orphanages.

But I doubt if this course would satisfy her generous nature.

It seems to many people that donations to organised charities is a coldly impersonal manner of doing good.

They want to deal with the needy at first hand, to stretch out a friendly and helpful hand direct to the lonely and distressed.

Therefore, I will only remind her that though she may meet with some impostors, others who come to her door will be in genuine need.

Far better to continue to give than to turn away one to whom a little kindness may mean much.

? Service for others, too, is the aim of my next correspondent:

At the age of thirty-four, I find myself confronted with an earnest problem.

An ordinary working man, I have always been interested in social work. Is there any way in which I could enter the ministry of the Free Church.

Failing that, do you know of any organisation in which I could devote the whole of my time and energy.

This reader does not say if he is married. That information is vital to the solving of his problem.

A married man has his wife and home to consider.

A single man is free to undergo training and can afford to take a risk to achieve his ambition.

Supposing my correspondent is unmarried.

He should first decide which section of the Free Church he wishes to enter—Methodist, Congregational, Presbyterian, etc.

Then he should consult the local minister, who would gladly answer questions regarding training, examinations, and the like.

If, after all, he cannot enter the ministry, there are many other opportunities for service. Think of the fine work of organisations such as Dr. Barnardo's Homes or the Salvation Army.

Or he could take up ambulance work, or offer to help the probation officer at the local police court, or become a male nurse.

These are a few of the ways by which he can "serve his fellow-men."

? My next letter is typical of hundreds I have received.

I am employed as a shorthand-typist in a large manufacturing firm, but the work holds little attraction for me. I feel there is no aim or purpose in my life.

Before being induced by my parents to take a secretarial course, I had always wanted to become a nurse.

Now, though they are still unfavourable to the idea, I am desperately anxious to follow my inclination and take up training.

Most parents have the welfare of their children at heart.

And they have a far greater knowledge than I can possibly have of their temperament, their character, their capabilities.

Young people are prone to think "somebody else's job" far more interesting than their own.

My correspondent must remember these facts.

But I would also say a word to her father and mother.

Some parents think they have a right to choose their children's career. In doing so they lay themselves open to the charge that they have ruined the lives of their sons or daughters and caused them lasting unhappiness.

Wise parents willingly advise—never dictate.

Perhaps in this case the father and mother have a valid reason for their objection.

Then they should be frank with this girl and tell her what it is.

If such a talk does not convince her, she should be given her chance.

She would at least have the satisfaction of trying to do that for which she thinks she is best fitted.

The happiest men and women are those who share the noble ideals of the unknown immortal who said:

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow-creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

"HUMANIST"

invites you to tell him your private worry or perplexity. His advice has eased the minds of thousands of readers—let him help you. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

£1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

A Job Well Done

THIS is a story of a Doubting Thomas.

It concerns a woman. But you'll find Doubting Thomases in both sexes.

When her husband told her that he ought to insure them and their home through JOHN BULL's free family insurance, which offered so much protection for no payment whatsoever—well, unspoken doubts went through her mind.

When he turned to a coupon in JOHN BULL and signed it, sending it away with the comment: "That's a good job done in a minute," she doubted yet again.

With one flourish of his pen that husband had given his home a protection it had never had before.

She didn't tell him, but she doubted it.

* * *

Well, she has just written to us telling us about her scepticism.

We forgive her. It is probably quite understandable.

She writes from a temporary address. Their beautiful little Scottish home has been gutted by fire, their bairns rendered homeless.

On a terrible afternoon recently, a neighbour rushed in with the news that there was smoke in the upstairs rooms.

That wife tried to rush upstairs: was beaten back by choking fumes and blistering heat.

The little home was ruined. The fire brigade even had to hack the roof in two to prevent the flames engulfing other property.

That's why she writes to us.

"I received JOHN BULL's cheque this morning," she says. "I cannot express my gratitude.

"My husband always swears by JOHN BULL, but I must admit I sometimes wondered if JOHN BULL did give this help.

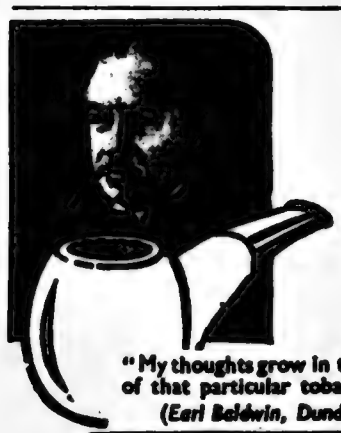
"I know better now. I am going to start the work of rebuilding our home as soon as possible.

"From my husband, myself and the bairns—*thank you!*"

JOHN BULL's unique free family insurance scheme means just what it says.

You may have doubts about many things in life. You need have no doubts about that great home protector.

Turn to the coupon on page 2—*now*—and qualify yourself with a signature. You will probably have proof yourself, one day, that it does everything it promises.



"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(*Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925*)

Presbyterian Mixture

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

ACUTE SCIATICA

Now works 16 hours a day!

To-day Mrs. E. E. T., of Attercliffe, Sheffield, does the work of two women—for she has a family of ten to look after. But not long ago she lay weeks in her bed, wracked by the worst tortures of Sciatica.

"I thought I never should be able to get up again," she declares. "I was in terrible pain and could not rest anywhere. My husband bought me special cushions and spent pounds on me. But nothing did me any good. It was terrible. My husband was at his wit's end about me until a work-fellow told him of Fynnon Salt. I started taking it regularly."

From that day Mrs. T.'s sufferings gradually abated, and soon she was, in her own words, "up and about again. You would think it a marvel," she adds, "if you had seen me previously. I have a family of ten and am on my feet from 6.30 a.m. to 11 p.m., but I am in the best of health. So you see what Fynnon Salt has done for me."

Fynnon Salt is a blend of "Nature's Salts of the Earth"—the Sodium, Potassium and Lithium which have made certain Spa waters renowned for their 'cures.' Fynnon is Nature's surest remedy for all forms of Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc. Take a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water daily. Large tins 1/3.

MORE 'Easy' SHAVES THAN EVER FOR 6D

★ CREAMIER LATHER
★ HANDY OVAL STICK
★ IT'S BIGGER, TOO!

EASY'S improved double-creamy lather gives quicker, smoother shaving, leaving your face cool and refreshed. Easier shaving in every way with EASY!

WELL OVER 100 SHAVES FOR 6D. Get the NEW EASY to-day!

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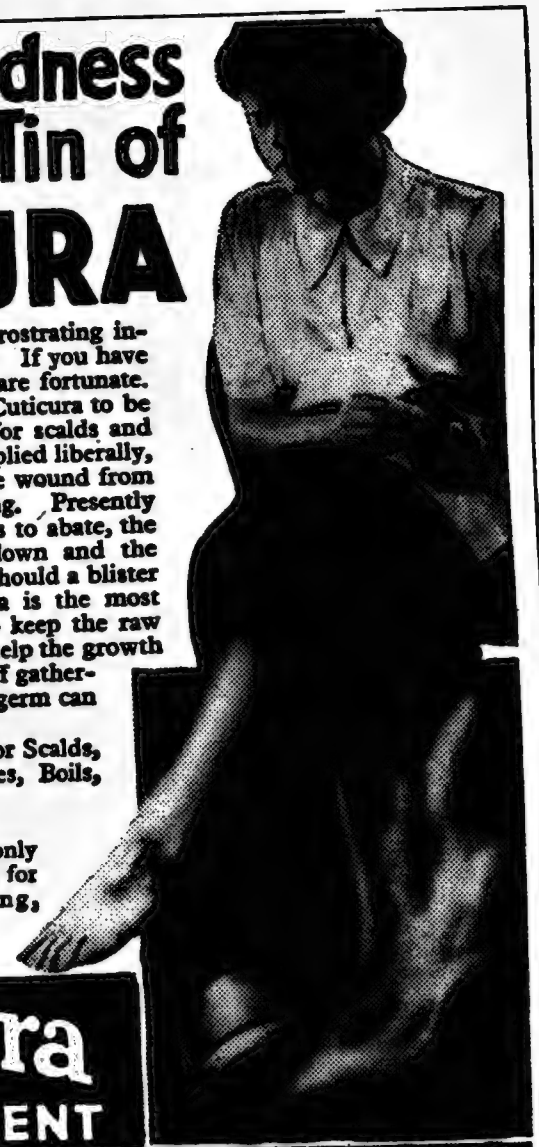
A LEVER PRODUCT

Thank Goodness I bought a Tin of CUTICURA



Is there a more agonising and prostrating injury than a bad scald or burn? If you have Cuticura Ointment handy you are fortunate. Over 50 years' use has proved Cuticura to be the finest first-aid and healer for scalds and burns. Applied in time and applied liberally, Cuticura Ointment protects the wound from the air and prevents blistering. Presently the terrible stinging pain begins to abate, the burning inflammation cools down and the injured limb is comfortable. Should a blister form and burst, then Cuticura is the most soothing healer you can use to keep the raw flesh clean and healthy and to help the growth of new skin. Cuticura wards off gathering and poisoning because no germ can exist where Cuticura is used.

A quick and unfailing healer for Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Eczema, Pimples, Boils, Ulcers, Bad Legs, etc.

Skin sufferers should use only Cuticura Soap in the bath and for washing. It has soothing, emollient properties.

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT

HASTENS HEALING & GROWTH OF NEW SKIN

FENNINGS'

HAPPY BABY HAPPY MOTHER

Children's Powders

Best and safest for children cutting their teeth. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to

70 YEARS REPUTATION
SOLD IN BOXES - 1/3 & 3/-
Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.
INSIST ON FENNINGS'

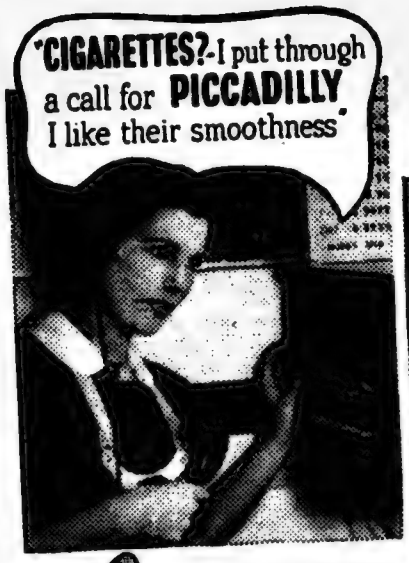
ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

Take Elasto for all CIRCULATORY DISORDERS

Turn to the Back Cover and fill in the Coupon for Free Sample and Booklet.

The Secret of keeping your hair well groomed and well conditioned

—Turn to the announcement on the FRONT COVER!



"Film favourites" Picture Cards in all packings

10 for 4D 15 for 6D

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD.
150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

P.J.210

PARTICULAR PEOPLE PICC A PICCADILLY

I sailed into the thick of them, swinging that hatch-batten like a flail

Midnight MUTINY

Another "Captain Reckless" story by Frank H. Shaw

NOWADAYS a mutiny usually means a disgruntled fireman crowning the mate with a kitful of tripe and onions.

My special mutiny might have been a holy mess.

To be sure, I was young for command; and the *Thornley* was a windjammer, not easy to run at the best of times.

They handed her over to me in Newcastle, New South Wales, because the previous skipper got bludgeoned by larrikins over a shore-girl who wasn't worth the trouble. The agent knew I had a master's ticket and he liked youngsters. So I assumed command of my own particular hell at the age of twenty-three.

The first mate—I'd been second—hadn't a captain's licence and was never likely to get one. It hurt him badly to see me jumped over his head. Maybe the agent anticipated this, because he hated Mr. Larkins, who was a man-driver to his boot-soles.

HE tried to rustle me for a start, but I was a husky youth. We got our jackets off in the saloon, where the men wouldn't see us—or the police—and I'd taken the precaution to send the steward ashore.

He couldn't fight for nuts, with anyone who wasn't already terrorised. So I managed to sew him up. Then I ought to have fired him, I suppose; but he mumbled a lot about a wholly fictitious wife and I kept him on.

During the Middle Passage—Newcastle to Valparaiso—he was all right with me; but to show he was a good mate he laid into the deckhands like a tiger-cat with rabies. Drove them silly, in a word.

It was one of those passages when everything goes wrong—head-winds, calms and unexpected gales. Mr. Larkins had plenty of opportunity to throw his weight about.

He told the men he was acting under orders. A Greek sailor tried to stab him: Larkins broke his arm. That gave me two patients to tend.

The ship was enough of a handful. The crew had signed on in Antwerp and were inclined to like me; they didn't believe Larkins' lies; they worked well enough if they were only let be.

But what with this and that, they deserted to a man when we anchored in Iquique, where we were sent from Valparaiso to unload coal and load up with nitrates

They made no bones about it: just lowered a lifeboat one dark night, paddled it three miles to the shore and sold it for what it would fetch. Then they went into hiding and got drunk.

"Now see what you've done!" I told Larkins. "Think we'll get a decent crowd in replacement when those flat-foots have told their story?"

He swore it wasn't his fault. The men, he said, had been snared ashore so they could be signed on again and their kidnappers could pocket two months of their pay.

The three apprentices stayed: they'd got a lot of time in and weren't ready to sacrifice it by deserting. We had to hire lumpers to work out the cargo—a filthy job; but when the outward freight was stowed I set to work to find a new crew.

ONLY offers were the toughest lot of stiffs I've ever seen in my life. Talk about beachcombing scum! The Consul said they were the best he could find: all had been in jail.

Three of them dived overboard and tried to swim ashore when they recovered consciousness—they were shipped in a complete state of intoxication, of course. The apprentices sculled after them, lassoed them and got them back. I ironed them in the fore-peak; then left them to tame down on biscuits and water.

Most ships sailing from Iquique prided themselves on making a smart show, because a hundred and fifty others—from German five-masters down to Scowegians—formed a gallery.

We went out in a bunch of bowlines, a patch on a patch and a patch over all.

Our pilot had drunk too much cognac, which was chained-lightning stuff. He started rowing with the second mate Williams. They had a free fight on the poop because of sending two men down to tend a lifeboat we towed astern.

THE tug took us along so smartly that the lifeboat spun on its own axis like a teetotum, the two shellbacks in her having to cling to the painter like monkeys to avoid being drowned. The second mate wanted the ship stopped, the pilot didn't.

The crew were massing at the poop-break and calling the whole afterguard murderers and worse; then Mr. Larkins charged in from the fo'c'sle head with a belaying-pin in each hand and dynamite in each seaboot-toe.

I pitched the Dago pilot overboard to swim for it—he needed cooling off—and stopped the tug; got the lifeboat in; made sail. All this in sight of the tiered windjammers, who sent us off with ironical cheers!

Larkins swore he'd lick the stiffs into shape. Playing Yankee hell-buster in first-rate style, he got them cowed. He always packed a gun in his pocket.

So peace reigned aboard the *Thornley*, but it was a fictitious peace. As long as there was genuine bad weather, the men did as they were told.

I found one of them triced by his thumbs in the weather rigging and frozen almost stiff; that was Larkins' work. I brought him round with rum and warmth, and warned Larkins to go slow.

It was bad weather, I'll admit. The ship was like a half-tide rock; no dry spot in her. The galley was clean-swept every hour or so, hot meals were out of the question.

IF the men had got their pea-soup and salt pork they'd probably have taken things as they came. But I could feel—young and inexperienced as I was—that there was a definite rot among them.

There was no shanty-singing: when they laid back on a rope they did it with ugly, slimy curses. A mixed bag of men; mostly Mediterranean sweepings with Greeks predominating. Half of them weren't even sailors.

I've never encouraged spying and tale-telling. But when two of the apprentice boys told me they fancied trouble was coming, I listened.

To apply the screws to these discontented swabs meant to precipitate a rising; I warned Larkins to go slow. He didn't like it, because it was only by playing bucko-mate that he kept them moving at all.

I was scared cold, and I admit it.

Circumstances hadn't then hardened me the way they did later. All I could visualise was a tragic finish to my first command.

One black night, when I was hanging to the binnacle to steady myself against the unholy motion, I got a thumping smite on the shoulder.

I'd shifted my head to peer more

(Continued on page 33)

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Letters which speak can be sent by post? (Page 47).
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A Camera takes snaps in the stomach? (Page 12).
That sheep and pigs are fed on wood? (Page 71).
Engineers build with dynamite? (Page 28).
A motor engine has been made of glass? (Page 23).
A pail of water helped to win the war? (Page 66).
Blue eyes can be changed to brown? (Page 36).

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Stretched like this

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READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./ ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand) to reach us not later than Saturday, August 13, 1938.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 6 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 25. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 30, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double-adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £600 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 25.

X-WORD No. 117.

The Committee decided the most apt and accurate Answers were those seen in the Square on left.

Reasons for Committee's findings appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

6 Big Cheques won in Crossword No. 117

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 117, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square were the following 6 competitors, who submitted squares differing at one point only from the most meritorious Sets of Answers seen on Square on left.

A. E. Allaway, 12, Peter's Avenue, Margate; H. T. Beaumont, Bessingham, Lincoln; Mrs. J. Clements, 8, Prospect Place, Guiderough, Yorks.; H. S. Evans, 20, Glamorgan Street, Briton Ferry, Glam.; C. S. Partridge, 68, Church Street, Acklam, Southumberland; A. Templeton, 288, Bath Street, Glasgow.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £600, and a cheque for £100 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, August 9, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 26 competitors from whom we received coupons inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £3 18s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. Extra Holiday Awards for Runners-up from whom we received two or more 6d. entries.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 200 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING WORDS.

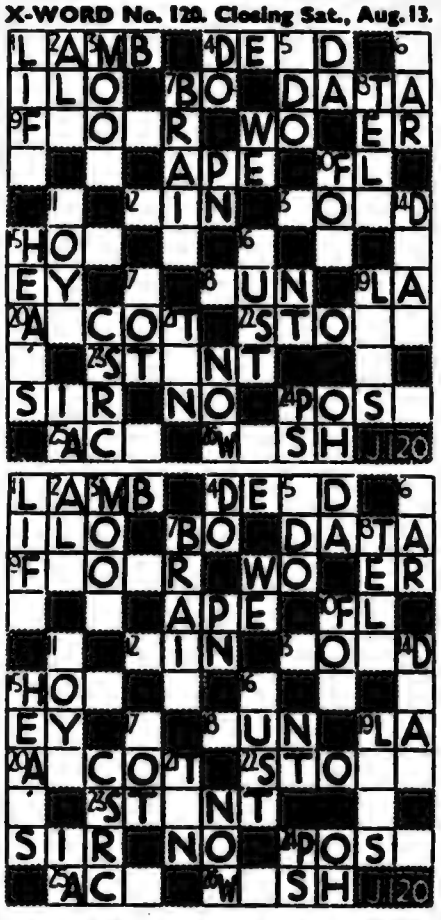
ACROSS—1. COAT. 5. HATE. 9. GUE. 8. SCREW. 11. POP. 13. ENGINE. 18. PAD. 17. POOL. 19. VET. 20. READ. 24. BRAIN. 25. WAIT.
DOWN—1. COOK. 2. OWE. 3. GATES. 4. LIVE. 5. HER. 7. SHOP. 9. GOD. 10. SHARK. 12. PANEL. 14. SPOT. 15. LEDGE. 18. LOT. 20. TEST. 21. ERR. 22. SAW.

HOW TO ENTER

Ordinary Puzzle Squares below may be used for your entry—or you may use the "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet as directed.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

X-WORD No. 120. Closing Sat., Aug. 13.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose P.O. Value ..... No. .....

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"Time-Sava" ENTRY SHEET JOHN BULL X-Word No. 120. Closing Sat. Aug 13.

Study these Clues ACROSS

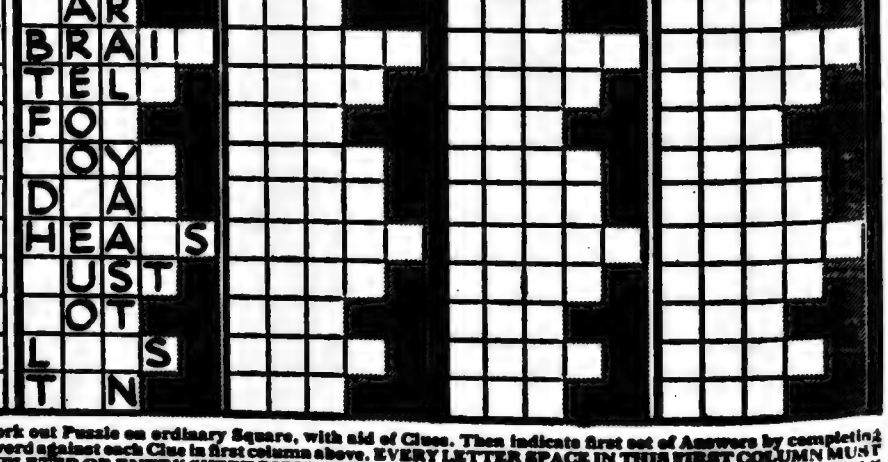
FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6D ENTRY-FEE

4. Without life
9. It's unpleasant when one falls in
12. Sticking in this may be unbearable
13. Heirlooms commonly fetch good prices when they are this
15. May be useful for work in your garden
18. Dull people usually miss this
20. Famous race meeting in June
22. Backless seat for office work
23. Keep on short allowance
24. Some people are apt to become stiff when they hold one for long time
25. Flying one should be popular
26. Naughty boy is apt to look black when he's not given this

DOWN

1. Thought of being alone in this would upset some people
2. Everybody
3. Is rarely bright when under cloud
5. Fuss
6. May be bold stroke
7. Military tailor uses when designing new uniform
8. Discloses
10. Existence of this is a menace to shipping at times
11. It's a pity to see stuffing knocked out of these
14. Marks on this often indicate knots
15. Quack doctor usually claims that his medicine does
16. It's very disappointing to see promising young sculptor do this badly
17. Street-corner politician talks this about the government
19. What business man has to worry about when his trade is poor
21. Metal in grating

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6D ENTRY-FEE



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE

First, work out Puzzle on ordinary Square, with aid of Clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each Clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns, print in complete words ONLY where you wish to indicate Answers DIFFERING from first Column. All word spaces left blank in second, third and fourth columns will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at those points.

I submit this Entry for X-word 120 on the understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column containing word or words shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of correct X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and enclose P.O. Value ..... No. .....

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 129, "JOHN BULL," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).
("BULLETS" MAY BE ENCLOSED—SEE "BULLETS" PAGE.)

£5 GOLD WATCHES FREE—Send P.C. for "Crossword Gazette," which contains full details.

Continuing

Midnight Mutiny

closely into the compass-bowl. Otherwise that crack would have fractured my skull.

It was the man at the wheel, an Italian named Georgio. I spun round, and though my shoulder ached abominably, I let him have my fist where it would do most good.

His head snicked back; I tore him from the wheel, wrenched the marlinespike from his hand, and kicked him for'ard.

The second mate was for'ard, getting the foresail ready for furling, as the ship was labouring so savagely.

Few people can realise the awful magnitude of a Cape Horn storm—the waves have swung right round the world, their size is immense. The ship wallowed, lifted water aboard at every roll.

I KICKED Georgio out of the way, and roared for a relief: one of the apprentices came and took the spokes.

It was close on eight bells. I rang them and yelled: "All hands haul up the foresail!"

Up plunged Larkins, blood in both eyes. He stormed for'ard and he didn't come back; nor did anything happen. Nothing was done to the foresail.

The poop, in such weather, is about as far distant from for'ard as is Manchester from Mandalay.

No wonder I went prematurely grey! A handful for a twenty-three-year-old to grab!

The only thing to do was to take the wheel and send the boy along to enquire. I did this. The ship calmed a bit to my handling: even so I was sweating when Robby returned.

He was panicked. He said there was a general fight going on for'ard. Williams couldn't be seen and Mr. Larkins had his hands full.

It never struck me to get a gun before I surrendered the wheel to the boy and plunged for'ard.

Clinging to the life-line, washed down repeatedly, I got as far as the after-end of the for'ard deck-house. The wind and falling seas drowned any other sounds.

BUT someone came rolling past me—an apprentice.

That Italian followed him, kicked him down, and got out his sheath-knife.

He was about to cut his throat when I kicked him in the stomach. My sea-boots were heavy, and he collapsed with a howl. I grabbed Matthews out of the swilling scuppers and set him upright.

"Get me a hatch-batten!" I said.

He found an iron belaying-pin temporarily, and I went further for'ard. There wasn't any more fighting; both my mates were knocked out; so was the third apprentice.

I wished I had a gun, but one of the mutineers had Larkins'; and when I yelled to them to come into the open, he threatened:

"I shoot you, by damn, s'pose you get fresh!"

This sounded ridiculous, because I could see nothing but Stygian blackness. So I roared out:

"You know the penalty of mutiny?" A fat lot of good that was likely to do; but I'd never handled mutiny before!

"We got der ship!" snarled another malcontent. Aiming by the sound, I pitched the belaying-pin at him. I hit him, too.

He fired, but the bullet sailed away to hell and glory.

I would have given ten years to be elsewhere. My bowels were turned to water. Fortunately I hadn't a gun, or I'd have started shooting; then nothing would have stopped them.

SOMEONE gave a nasty laugh. Just then the apprentice struggled along and slipped a batten from the after-skylight into my hands. It was three feet of steel with a squared edge, capable of cutting a man's skull in two halves.

I said: "I warn you to disperse—otherwise——"

"Odderwise—hell!" said the ringleader, the man with the mate's gun. "We gotta de ship!"

They had, if they knew it; but it wouldn't do to let them know. I suppose I saw red and went berserk.

I don't remember much of what happened next, except that I sailed into the thick of them, swinging that hatch-batten like a flail.

The ringleader swore he'd shoot. I cracked him on the arm with my weapon. The pistol dropped, was washed away.

It was a savage scrabble. I hit anyone who tried to come near me, but the awkwardness of everything lessened the blows. Then the apprentice joined it. He'd got a capstan bar; he didn't aim at heads, but at legs.

As there seemed no joint opposition any longer, I yelled to the men that they'd be sick and sorry in the morning.

They were quelled a bit. I waited for them to start in again; as they didn't, I told them I'd turn loose with every gun in the ship if the officers weren't aft in a jiffy.

I sent the apprentice down to my cabin to load and bring every pistol there was—not many. He came back to say he could find no ammunition. That was the dirty steward's work.

It was a bad time I spent until day broke. No sign of either mate!

NOTHING happened, except that I found Williams. He'd been thrown down the fore-peak hatch. Nothing visible of Larkins. Probably he'd been smashed and thrown overboard.

I went for'ard to find that the crew were in their forecastle.

I hammered on the door, told them to come out; they refused. The door was barricaded inside. Evidently they were now scared.

That door had a steel storm-door to protect it from being bashed in by seas.

I clamped it shut on them. Their skylight was battened down, but I made it more secure.

Then I found the third apprentice locked up in the paint-locker and released him. Mr. Larkins was treated to the mainstay by his wrists—they'd given him some of his own medicine!

He was got aft and restored, but the fight was clean out of him. There was only one thing to do—let the officers and boys manage the ship. Fortunately, under short canvas, she hove-to easily.

Then I got the steward and told him he'd be shark-meat if he tried any tricks. He was yellow and he threw his hand in; told me the whole rotten story. He'd thrown the ammunition overboard.

I starved the mutineers. They couldn't get out of their fo'c'sle. No one was allowed to go in.

FOR four mortal days the *Thornley* wallowed in the Cape Horn seas, and not a bite of food went near that fo'c'sle.

Then they surrendered, not so much because of hunger, but because their ringleader's broken arm was gangrenous.

After foolishly requesting to be paid off—in Sixty South—they promised reform. I let the steward serve them biscuits and drinking-water, but nothing more.

And I amputated the ringleader's arm. It was the only way to save his life, which didn't seem worth saving. Rough-and-ready surgery, but it was done.

Then I gave them the choice of being taken to Port Stanley to be hanged as mutineers (which they wouldn't have been) or to settle down peacefully to work. They accepted the latter terms.

Oddly enough, we parted good friends. Indeed, they cheered me on paying-off because of the workmanlike job I'd made of that Dago master-mariner's arm.

There was hardly one amongst them who hadn't got some ugly scar to show—one man's face was half-torn off. No, I didn't report the mutiny: too much dirty linen would have had to be washed.

We didn't run that ship like a Mayfair girls' school, exactly!

Next Week:

The Canton Dancer

The Human Machine

Cling on to this!

A FAVOURITE excuse with people who are unwilling to make the least effort to change bad habits into good habits is that "You can't change human nature."

They'll tell you, and without a blush, that "I was born that way. I admit the way I think is all wrong. I agree that I don't behave as I should. But that's the way I'm made, and neither you nor anyone else can alter it."

It's sheer bosh, of course. It's nothing more than finding an excuse for indolence.

If human nature had been unalterable, we should all still be dressed in skins, living in caves, governed by the law of the jungle, the law of tooth and claw. Really, the matter is so self-evident that no one but a half-wit would want any argument or proof.

* * *

For it is clear that human nature is the most alterable and malleable thing in the world. It can be moulded by reason, by the impact of social ideas and ideals, by everyone and everything with which it comes in contact.

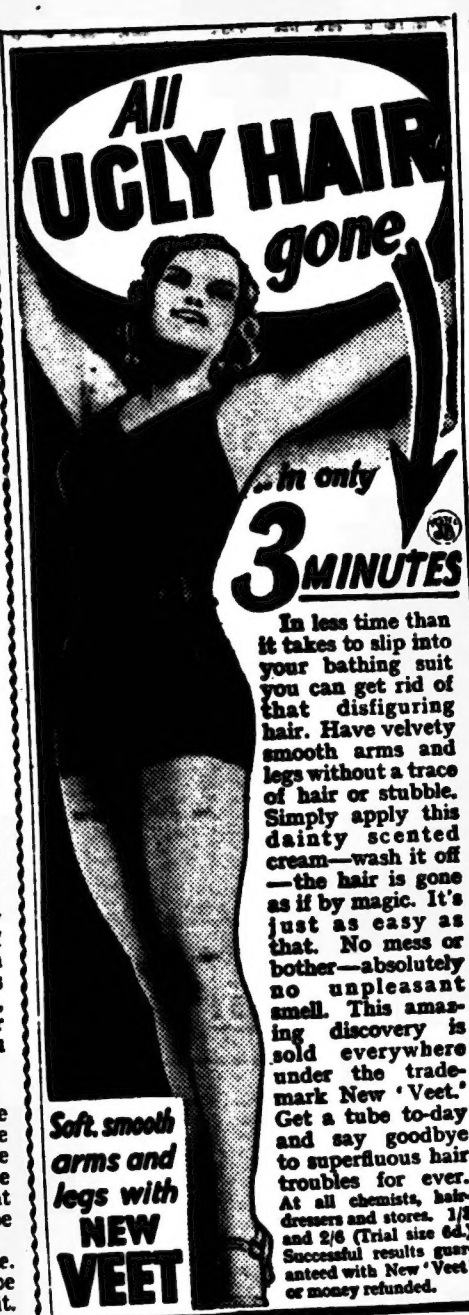
You can alter it in the mass, and you can even more easily alter it in the individual. You can even alter your own nature yourself, and you'd be the first to admit it if you weren't so darned lazy!

If we were solely governed by instinct it would be a horse of another colour; but we have been endowed with reason—and reason is instinct's boss every time. No one, of course, can force you to use your reason—but you're a fool if you don't.

* * *

The alternative to reason is to be a fatalist—to believe that you have no choice, that what will be will be—good or evil. And if you believe that—really believe it—you might as well curl up and die. You'd be better off.

Human nature *is* alterable. History proves it. It is the one hope of the world and of you. Cling to it.



In less time than it takes to slip into your bathing suit you can get rid of that disfiguring hair. Have velvety smooth arms and legs without a trace of hair or stubble. Simply apply this dainty scented cream—wash it off—the hair is gone as if by magic. It's just as easy as that. No mess or bother—absolutely no unpleasant smell. This amazing discovery is sold everywhere under the trade-mark New 'Veet.' Get a tube to-day and say goodbye to superfluous hair troubles for ever. At all chemists, hairdressers and stores. 1/3 and 2/6 (Trial size 6d.) Successful results guaranteed with New 'Veet' or money refunded.

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Your Kidneys have 9 million tubes endangered by Germs caused by Colds, Bad Teeth, Tonsils and Infections. Ordinary medicine doesn't kill the germ cause of Kidney Trouble. Kill Kidney Germs the scientific way with Cystex—don't smash up health.

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Countless grateful letters testify to its amazing success — a success based on *its natural action* in stimulating dormant roots, softening the scalp and clearing the clogged hair passages so *that the young hairs can grow through*. Kotalko and Kotalko Soap soon stop falling hair and clean up all dandruff, encouraging new growth on thin or bald spots and restoring the hair to its natural, vigorous colourful condition. No matter what your age or your hair's condition, you can prove the benefits of Kotalko now, for yourself.

KOTALKO WAKES UP THE ROOTS

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Start by Finishing This

B	R	A	I	

What letter would you place in the vacant space above to complete an apt Answer to the Clue, "Military tailor uses when designing new uniform"?

On page 32 you will find a complete set of such intriguing little problems—and your reward for tackling this common-sense Crossword may well be £5 Monthly for Life, £300 Cash, and a Trip to Empire Exhibition.

These

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All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro" Compound**, the new painkiller (**No. 283**). This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices: 6d. (10), 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets).

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Complete with directions. Price 1/3 (including pipette) and 2/6 (including pipette and atomiser).

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Quick Relief and Comfort

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of **"Shadforten."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 285.

Prices: 1/4 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300).

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For dry, wet or scaly eczema, an approved remedy is found in **Eczema Ointment (No. 1369).** It is also excellent for Dandruff or Scurf.

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NOVELIST (London, W.).—"I can type out my stories quite accurately even when blindfolded." Then fastening your hands behind your back seems to be the only remedy.

BILL M. (Barking).—"Let me tell you, lords and ladies talk to me and don't forget it." We'll bet they don't.

R. N. (Walton).—"If approached by a pretty girl, what does the average man give on flag days?" In, eventually.

D. Y. (Durham).—"I know what voice-strain is: I am a member of an amateur dramatic society." The prompter?

A. W. W. (Brighouse).—"The white ant lays as many as 50,000 eggs a day." Thank goodness it can't cackle.

H. N. (Lynton).—"My girl friends simply race to give me presents." What is the result—a tie?

P. N. (Norwich).—"As soon as I had finished the song the audience clamoured for another." Singer?

B. Y. (Launceston).—"Bookkeeping is an art." Our neighbour seems to have mastered it since we started lending him novels.

S. N. (Perth).—"A haunted house near here has been rented by a bookmaker who hopes to lay the ghost." What odds?

M. K. (Letchworth).—"My friend caught me nicely with his camera just as I bent to address the ball." We hope it didn't leave a bruise.

E. B. (Margate).—"What, after all, can a bather do when he discovers on coming out of the water that his clothes have been stolen?" Shiver.

S. F. E. (Wolverhampton).—"I suggested separate holidays, but my wife won't agree. What shall I do?" Take her with you, we expect.

* * *

ROOKIE (York).—"A bad attack of nerves prevented me tackling the vaulting horse." Never mind, you'll soon get over it.

F. B. (Clapham).—"Our neighbours refused to help us pack our furniture when we moved." Leaving you to shift for yourselves.

P. H. W. (Ruislip).—"Attached is a map of the district. With only five minutes to catch my train, what is the quickest way of reaching the station?" Running like blazes.

MRS. J. (Warwick).—"It is my husband's birthday next month and I can't make up my mind what to buy him for a present." Surely there must be something you want?

Shows He's A Fighter—Dad, Replanting Cat's "Battlefield"

The Editor Laughs Last

"Good heavens—isn't this the holiday camping ground?" (From the "Passing Show.")

S. S. (Stonehaven).—"When I married my old friend's widow I little thought she'd be captain of the ship." But you knew you'd be her second mate.

T. M. (Doncaster).—"As I cannot afford an expensive radio, can you tell me what I should get with a second-hand one-valve set?" Fed up, most probably.

T. M. (Epping).—"Holiday-making in this country in the summer with green grass and golden corn all around and the birds singing in the trees, what could a man want more?" An umbrella and a mackintosh.

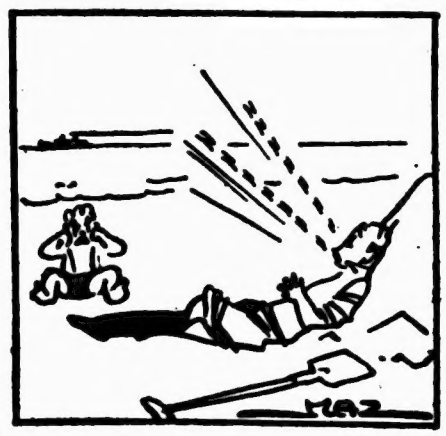
TOM (London, W.).—"I like the look of the new maid my wife recently engaged. There seems to be plenty of go about her." You might like the look of her, but the second attribute seems rather a doubtful qualification.

● If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Dad . . .

Builds Castles

by Maz



W. J. H. (Boscombe).—"In these days a man has a struggle to earn his keep." And a still greater one to keep what he earns.

V. G. J. (Normanton).—"Too much of this country's money goes to the East." Ours seems to be in the habit of going west.

S. B. (Maidenhead).—"In punting, the beginner must learn how to balance." But before that he should learn how to swim.

F. S. (Chorley Wood).—"In my young days, a meal was always opened with grace." Now it's more likely to be opened with a tin-opener.

P. E. (Grimsby).—"I didn't know the first thing to do when all the electric lights in the house went out." You were completely in the dark.

R. D. (Windsor).—"I wonder how you would take it if a perfect stranger came up to you in the street and offered you a fiver?" As quickly as possible.

R. T. (Hull).—"I went to my lawyer in regard to the case, and asked his honest advice." But he gave you his professional opinion?

R. S. (Ewell).—"There are ten known causes of yawning." Surely there are more wireless lecturers than that?

A. J. N. (Netley).—"He actually told me I hadn't the brains of a sheep." Don't worry; perhaps you have.

COMPOSER (Runcorn).—"I can think of nothing worse than hot jazz." Never mind. Someone else is bound to before very long.

* * *

AUTHOR (London, W.C.1).—"In the last chapter of my new novel the hero and heroine agree to part." And then, we suppose, they live happily ever after.

D. M. (Stamford).—"A young man mustn't expect to begin where his father left off." That is specially true of the son whose father nearly swam the Channel.

N. A. (Ripon).—"Poising on one's toes for a minute or two helps to keep the figure upright." That is, of course, until the next person on the diving-board gets impatient and gives one a push.

G. K. (Bungay).—"Do you really think that the League of Nations is making any headway?" Well, only last week we heard a Welshman speak in French to a Swiss waiter in an Italian restaurant in London.

CRICKET FAN (Paignton).—"Extras make a lot of difference to a team's score." Yes, and if yours is the best of this week's score of £5 *Bullets*, your total prize-money will be £305!

D. H. (Clacton).—"I ask you, what could I tell the disillusioned angler who hadn't a bite all day?" That there are more fish in the sea than ever came out of it.

L. B. (Porthcawl).—"I am thinking of buying a motor-boat. Compared with a car, has it any disadvantages when in use?" Well, you can't very well crawl underneath to find out what's wrong.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

ABERDEEN PRESS AND JOURNAL:—"It is estimated that the EXCAVATION of foreign combatants from Spain will cost. . . ."

EVENING ARGUS:—". . . who have INTIMIDATED his intention of forming an Association. . . ."

THE DAILY MAIL:—"He brought a policeman, who enticed the DAY away."

WESTON-SUPER-MARE GAZETTE:—"And this isn't the first time she's been paid COMPLICATIONS in this column. . . ."

THE CITIZEN:—". . . and two runs later Fleetwood-Smith came on for Waite, who had BLOWED steadily."

CHATHAM, ROCHESTER AND GILLINGHAM NEWS:—". . . and to driving a motor-car without a policy of insurance in respect of THIRTY party risks."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"He intends to go on SHAKING until Saturday night, with breaks of only two minutes."

SOUTH WALES NEWS:—"Exhaustive INJURIES failed to reveal the names of the injured. . . ."

20 FINE "BULLETS" HOLIDAY CHEQUES

£5 HOLIDAY CASH FOR BEST "BULLET" ON EACH OF THE FOLLOWING 20 "EXAMPLES"

SICK WORLD WITH BRITAIN'S HELP TO SUCCEED MUST NOT DIE FIGHTING ON	WANTS THE EARTH KING CRICKET HE'S AN OLD HAND, SO AS FAR AS WE CAN SEE PAID HIM	EVERYBODY FEARS DAD'S GONE AND MOTHER'S JEWELS CARRYING THE BABY THE CONSUMER	JUDGING BY THE ROW MAN WHO LAUGHED FOR ALL BACK FROM THE SEASIDE WHERE TO STOP.

£5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5 £5

£300 EXTRA FOR BEST BULLET OF WEEK

£50 OFFER WITH EACH PRIZE

£25 EXTRA FOR SECOND BEST "BULLET" — £10 EXTRA FOR THIRD BEST "BULLET" — 25 of £10

200 SURPRISE AWARDS VALUE £5 — 6,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES

ONE WEEK ONLY CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. AUG. 13

HERE, for one week only, is a fine opportunity for you to win £300 for a few simple words, plus a pocketful of extra cash with which to celebrate your success!

In response to many requests, this week's *Bullets* Offer is again so planned that each of the 20 *Examples* will appear as part of a prize *Bullet* in the winning list. A £5 cheque is waiting for the sender of the best *Bullet* made with each of the 20 *Examples* and additional cash sums of £300, £25 and £10 will reward the senders of the three best *Bullets* of the week.

'BULLETS' 1,129 RESULT

First Prize, £1 Weekly for Life plus Family Holiday, or £250 Cash:

Mrs. D. FAULKNALL, 2, Abercorn Crescent, South Harrow, Middx.

Example: POWER OF THE SWORD
Bullet: DEVILRY—THE CROSS, DELIVERY.

Second Prize, £50 plus Holiday:

M. A. BRADBURY, Moorcrest, North Petherton, Bridgwater.

Example: The World's Worst
Bullet: Stain—World's Best Slain.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Third Prize, £25 plus Holiday:

E. J. HAY, 34, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.

Example: Gay Dog
Bullet: Often *Misleads* "Blind Woman."

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: W. E. WOOLACOTT, "Neyland," Pirbright Road, Kingsteignton, Devon.
Mother's Magic—Made Hands "Ugly Sisters."

£9: C. DOBSON, 1, Ringby, Boothtown Road, Halifax, Yorks.
Fine Economy—Smooth Tyres—Crumpled Car.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£8: Mrs. H. A. NEWMAN, 13, Perivale Gardens, London, W.
Auntie's Staying With Us, So—Inheritance Ours—If Survivers!

£7: W. HEADON, 18, St. Peter's Road, Croydon.
History Teaches—War's Folly—Science Increases!

£6: Miss H HAYES, The Thorns, Amersham Road, Chesham, Bucks.
Britain's Free, But—Wishes Nations Would Wed.

£5: F. ROBINSON, 7, Ennersdale Road, Lewisham, S.E.
Gay Dog—Grandpa—And "Under Table"!

£4: H. JONES, 37, Mount Wise, Newquay.
From The Gutter—Not River, Rescue Poor!

10 of £3 each:

A. FEAST, 7, Hillside Terrace, Steyning, Sussex.
Gay Dog—Throwing Stick *Away*, Grandpa!

G. GRAY, c/o Musgrave, 31, Forrest Road, Edinburgh.
Because She's Lonely—"Shadows" *Aren't* Frightening Grandma.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. HARRIS, 16, Dorchester Road, Leicester.
Becoming Unbearable—Back, "Having Glorious Time—"

F. HOLMAN, "Burnside," Lustleigh, Newton Abbot.
Something In The Wind—Makes Government "Huddle Together."

R. JAMIESON, 94, Burnbank Road, Hamilton, Lanarks.
History Teaches—World Blundered, "Expelling" Teacher.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

I. McLEOD, 37, Wilberforce Road, Liverpool.
Becoming Unbearable—Seat—Strap-hanger's Baby Crying.

Mrs. E. MITCHELL, Hill House, Hinxworth, Herts.
Still in Love—Holding Her *Hardened* Hand.

Bus conductor, housewife, unemployed invalid, electrician—such have been the typical "Bulleteers" to head our long prize-lists recently. It was in Contest No. 1,127 that the last of these winners—Mr. J. Sayers, 30, Hertford Road, Brighton—captured a fine First Prize for his neat and seasonable *Bullet*, HOLIDAY FOR EVERYBODY—LANDLADY'S PRAYER—AND DEUCE'S.

Settle down to the *Examples* as soon as you have read the simple instructions below, and remember that by using the Free Bonus Coupon as instructed you can secure a 9-carat gold-cased pen in addition to any of this Contest's chief prizes you may win.

HOW TO WIN

WRITE down, say, six *Examples* and to each one add all the ideas it suggests. Your next step is to compress and improve each of your rough notes into TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment.

Suppose, for instance, that the *Example*, AS FAR AS WE CAN SEE, had prompted the thought, *Our Politicians Suffer From Short-sightedness*. This you could readily condense to the typical *Bullet*, AS FAR AS WE CAN SEE—POLITICIANS CAN'T SEE FAR.

Before you start, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,129th Contest on this page. Then tackle the *Examples* without delay, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, August 13.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

SICK WORLD
WITH BRITAIN'S HELP
TO SUCCEED
MUST NOT DIE
FIGHTING ON
WANTS THE EARTH
KING CRICKET
HE'S AN OLD HAND, SO
PAID HIM
AS FAR AS WE CAN SEE
EVERYBODY FEARS
DAD'S GONE AND
MOTHER'S JEWELS
CARRYING THE BABY
THE CONSUMER
JUDGING BY THE ROW
MAN WHO LAUGHED
FOR ALL
WHERE TO STOP
BACK FROM THE SEASIDE

A. PETERS, 19, Wateville Road, Tottenham, N.
If We Give Way—Only Guns "Standing Solid."

J. TOMLINSON, 13, Honey Hill, Cambridge.
The World's Worst—Deserter, Leaves *Wife* "Fighting."

A. WYKES, 85, Bells Lane, Cinderhill, Nottingham.
Auntie's Staying With Us, So—Week Drags—We're Rags.

A list of 25 10s. and 200 Holiday Award winners can be seen at these Offices.

Save Money and **Entries**

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.
Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,133 and Crossword No. 120, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,133) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 13. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,133) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 13. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,133) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 13. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Address .....

FREE GOLD PEN COUPON

To qualify for Millionaire's Fountain Pen in solid 9-ct. gold case with any prize of £5 or over, I enclose with this free coupon THREE or more paid entry (or prize) coupons for "Bullets" No. 1,133.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose THREE or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,133, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE. I agree to all rules and conditions.

Signed .....
Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,133 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,128 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. Williams, The Arcade, Ammanford, S. Wales.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,133, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered

CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Wonderful Discovery of Unique Blood Substance Essential to Health!

The New Biomedical Remedy!

Elasto REGISTERED *The Wonder Tablet*

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Not A Drug, But A Vital Cell-Food!

ELASTO, the wonderful blood substance, which positively must be present in the blood to ensure complete health, is now known to be the active principle which controls the healing properties of the blood.

Such troubles as varicose veins, varicose ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, phlebitis, thrombosis, heart troubles, poor blood, bad circulation, piles, varicocele, rheumatism, hardened arteries, and relaxed conditions in any part of the body are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of this vitalising principle in the blood. These ailments will not respond to ordinary treatment: to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, whether local or general, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto does this surely and effectively, with results that often appear miraculous.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"Elasto has quite cured my Eczema."
"My heart is quite sound again now."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years." Etc.

These extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves, the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful new blood remedy—Elasto. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Everybody is asking—What is Elasto?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language the Elasto method of *curing through the blood*. Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enable *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Varicose Veins are Relaxed Veins —The Cause of Many Other Ailments.

Let Us Explain

A VARICOSE VEIN is an expanded vein, a vein with a bulge in it, as a bulge will come out on a perished tyre at any attempt to inflate it. And, of course, the bulge comes at the weakest part. But why does it come at all? Just because that part of the vein is in a deteriorated or relaxed condition, has lost its elasticity and power of recovery. Now look at the diagram on the right and see what happens. You see those little curves inside the vein (Fig. A), they are valves which open only upward, allowing the blood to rise through them but not to fall again. Note that each valve has only the weight of blood in one section of the vein to support—*when the vein is healthy*. That is Nature's provision for the straight lift of blood in the legs which ensures efficient circulation. Now look at the varicose vein (Fig. B); here the bulge has forced a valve to open, and the valve below has now the weight of two sections to support. It cannot do that indefinitely, it soon yields to the added strain, and thus the trouble extends.

(A) (B)
Diagram shows
(A) Healthy Vein
(B) Varicose Vein

We now have a condition which favours the development of a number of complications, such as phlebitis, varicose ulcers, varicose eczema, heart weakness, etc. Resting may afford temporary relief, bandages may give some little support, but neither can cure. It is the fabric of the vein itself that is defective, and only Elasto can put that right. Now you understand. Elasto masters all Circulatory Diseases because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. Test it for yourself; here is your opportunity!

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free! JB

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES! This offer is too good to be missed!

ELASTO (Dept. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON — **FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO ★**

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B. No. 6538.

Elasto will save you pounds!

J.B.L.31 | 18★

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